The Nation.

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The Week.

ONE has only to read the debate in the Senate of February 27 to see how absolutely in the dark the whole blundering belligerency work was done. Senator Sherman gravely introduced as his first evidence a pamphlet written by a representative of the Cuban insurgents. This exparte document "seems to be fairly and frankly written," said Mr. Sherman, and hence the Senate could implicitly accept all its statements. But even these statements, thus guaranteed, had nothing to say about the actual situation of the insurrection, or whether the fact of belligerency existed. Senator Morgan here interposed to strengthen the case by reading a letter just received "from a gentleman with whom I have no acquaintance whatever." The writer was ready to make oath that "57,000 Cubans bit the dust" in the last insurrection, and what other evidence could be demanded, Senator Morgan would like to know, that the insurgents in the present insurrection had all the recognized marks of belligerents? Senator Sherman went on to refer to a mysterious book in Spanish. He was sorry he had not had time to get it from the Library to awe the Senate with, but perhaps it did not matter, as he could not read Spanish anyhow. Luckily, extracts from it had been translated "by one of the great journals," and those he would read. They showed a horrible state of things in 1870, and who could doubt that conditions were even worse in 1896? To make the case absolutely complete, Lodge interposed to read "the last proclamation of Gen. Weyler." What he really read was a newspaper guess at what a proclamation was going to be—so stated on its face, and a guess promptly belied, at that. There has been no such proclamation. Lodge must have known this at the time, but it would be a poor sort of Massachusetts Senator who would not stretch the truth a little in order to help bring on a glorious war for the improvement of our decaying morals. With no surer facts to go upon than this collection of guesses and irrelevancies, the Senate rushed blindfold on to what might be war.

No better was the performance of the House on Monday. In the speech by which Mr. Hitt (the chairman of the House committee on foreign relations, be it remembered) introduced the resolutions, we look in vain for evidence of insurgent belligerency in the shape of official reports, or other testimony equally good, showing what territory the insurgents hold, the seat of their Government, and the points of the coast at which foreign Powers can communicate with them, the nature of their Government, and their armament on land and sea. These are the facts which constitute belligerency. Of these facts Mr. Hitt had not a particle of proof. What he said was that belligerency was proved "not by the newspaper reports alone, but by the reports of the United States consuls." Nothing of the sort has appeared in any published consular report or in any newspaper. Cuban belligerency, in the sense in which the term is used in diplomacy, is an invention of his own. He fortified himself by alleging on his own authority that Spaniards held only one-third of the island, that 125,000 troops had been sent to Cuba, that the Captain-General had issued two long proclamations which "had been read with horror," that guerilla warfare had proved too much for the French in Spain, under Napoleon, of which the Spaniards are very proud, and that the belligerency of the Confederacy had been recognized by Spain three months after the war broke out, as if belligerency were a question of time and not of circumstances.

We presume no American who is proud of his country, and has any acquaintance with the part she has played in building up the code of international morals which now prevails in Christendom, has read the debate which ensued, without a good deal of humiliation, or without, under all the circumstances, much gratitude to the gentlemen, Messrs. Turner, Boutelle, McCall, and Tucker, who treated the House to a few doses of law and common sense. From most of the supporters of the resolutions nobody expected anything but what they supplied. Talking international law or usage to them would be like talking it to a chamber of Anarchists. But Mr. Hitt is a graduate of Yale College and has been Assistant Secretary of State. Of neither experience was there the slightest trace in his speech. For all that appeared in that effort, he might have been bred in some vast wilderness, where rumors of successful or unsuccessful war reached him only through primers. The most striking thing in his speech was the assurance he gathered from the Spanish Minister's apology for the Barcelona mob, that his own resolutions would cause no trouble. This brings out what is really the most alarming trait in Jingo performances. It will have been observed that whenever Jingoes indulge in violent language which imperils peaceful relations, and the Power to which it is addressed answers with astonished politeness, and shows anxiety to avoid a quarrel, the Jingo always sets it down to fear, turns calmly to his followers, and says: "You see; I told you there would be no war. That is the way to talk to these suckers. They understand now how we feel, and what a big country this is, and they won't forget it soon either."

The difficulty of hammering even elementary notions of international law into the heads of some of the inland sages was well illustrated in the debate on the Senate resolution in recognition of Cuban belligerency between Senator Gray and Senator Vest of Missouri. Senator Gray was contending for the elementary proposition "that recognition of the independence of a people is the recognition of a fact." Is Cuba independent or not? The reason for thinking she is not is that the Cubans have no ports, no fixed territorial area, no regular government, no organized army. What difference does that make? said Mr. Vest. "Will the Senator from Delaware permit me to ask him whether the cause of the American colonies was not more desperate than that of Cuba to-day when France recognized our independence?" When the French recognized the independence of the United States, the rebels had had through the whole contest thirteen regularly organized colonial governments. They had had the leading port of the Union in their possession for two years before the French recognition. Boston was surrendered to Washington March 17, 1776. French recognition came on February 6, 1778. But what is more important than all is that the leading British army in the field, that of Gen. Burgoyne, surrendered to the rebels October 17, 1777, which was really the determining cause of the French alliance.

The discussion of the silver question in the Senate on Wednesday week served still further to clear the air. For many years the managers of the Republican party have been playing what Mr. Teller of Colorado rightly styled a "bunco game" on the silver States. This policy was inaugurated in 1888, when Mr. McKinley, as chairman of the committee on resolutions in the Republican national convention, reported the now famous plank "condemning the Democratic Administration for its efforts to demonetize silver." What the Democratic Administration had done in this matter from 1885 to 1888 was simply to urge the same policy that its Republican predecessor had urged from 1881 to 1885. We place side by side the final recommendation on this subject of President Arthur in 1884 and the first recommendation of President Cleveland in 1885:

I concur with the Secretary of the Treasury in recommending the immediate suspension of the coinage of silver dollars and of the issuance of silver certificates. — *President Arthur, December 1, 1884.*

I recommend the suspension of the compulsory coinage of silver dollars directed by the law passed in February, 1878. — *President Cleveland, December 8, 1885.*

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The McKinley resolution was intended to mean, and could mean, only that the Republican party, if restored to power, would turn its back upon its consistent record up to 1885, and show more favor to the silverites. This pledge was redeemed by the taking at the first opportunity of that "long step towards free coinage," as the Indiana Republicans styled the silver-purchase act of 1890—an act urged by Mr. McKinley, as leader of the House, on the ground that "it does what the present law has not done: it takes every dollar of silver bullion that is produced in the United States and places it at the disposal of the people as money"; and that "we cannot have free coinage now except in the manner as provided in the bill." The attempt to play the bunco game was continued in the national platform of 1892, with its declaration in favor of "bimetallism," which Mr. Teller and Mr. Jones of Nevada were assured meant what the silverites wanted. Mr. Carter, Mr. Teller, and the other Republican Senators from the silver States who stand with them, are rendering a national service in exposing this whole policy of deception upon which the Republican managers entered in 1888, and in insisting that no more of these McKinley games shall be played. For an organization that used to pride itself upon being the party of moral ideas, the record of the Republicans on the silver question during the last eight years has been most contemptible. McKinley himself is apparently ready to continue the policy of evasion and deception, but Carter, Teller, and their associates have rendered this impossible.

The multiplying signs that free silver is going to cut through both parties and make itself the controlling issue in the next Presidential election, will give general satisfaction—they certainly will to the friends of sound money. The great peril now is, two-faced platforms and doughface candidates. The silver Republicans are apparently prepared to fight, and the sound-money Democrats are also stripping for the contest—none too soon. Secretary Carlisle boldly said last week that the conflict was now an irrepressible one, and the issue of a kind that could not be avoided even by trimmers, and would not be by men of character. A silver party, pure and simple, is by all means to be desired. If all the 16-to-1 men and the international-agreement men and the straddlers and dodgers in either party could be forced to go off with the Populists, where they belong, the country would first rise up and call them blessed, and then rise up and smite them hip and thigh. It seems almost too much to hope for such a result, but we may, for the present, hope for it with fear and trembling.

Speaker Reed's obstinate silence, in the face of a threatened and probable split in his party, is highly inopportune, as he has before philosophized a great deal about such matters. In his Old Orchard speech of August 25, 1894, he explained how the Democratic party was destined to fail because, unlike the Republican party, it "had no underlying principle on which it was united from one end of the country to the other." The present delightful harmony of the Republicans on the currency, from one end of the country to the other, would be most profitable for reproof and instruction if commented upon by such a philosopher. While about it, he could also discourse solidly on the way in which his own aphorisms upon another matter have come home to roost. He said that the Democrats could keep up a semblance of being a party when in opposition, but that when "they endeavor to combine and to take positive action themselves," we at once see "the tremendous diversity of opinion which was masked under seeming unanimity." Would the Speaker admit that Republican *Hamlet* and *Laertes* have since exchanged rapiers?

The public debt statement for March shows the receipts and expenditures for eight months of the fiscal year. The deficit was only $17,500,000. During the same period of the previous year it was $36,300,000, showing a gain of nearly $19,000,000. At this rate of progress it is a reasonable anticipation that in the next fiscal year, beginning July, 1896, the receipts will equal the expenditures. The only thing that can prevent this is the continual beating of war-drums at Washington. If Congress would adjourn, or would take up its proper business and stop meddling with foreign affairs and getting us into unnecessary broils, there would be a period of renewed prosperity in all parts of the country, the effects of which would be immediately perceptible in the public revenues. The maintenance of the gold standard is now assured, not only by the accumulation of that metal in the Treasury, but still more by the purpose shown by the public in the recent bond sale to furnish all that may be needed for that purpose hereafter. The only cloud upon the business horizon is that which has been wantonly created by reckless politicians.

Attention should be called to the figures issued by the Bureau of Statistics for the calendar years 1891 to 1895 on the subject of wool. The period covered is practically four years under the tariff act of 1890 and one year under that of 1894. In 1892, which was the year of largest imports of woollen manufactures under the McKinley tariff, the amount of duties collected was $36,560,539 on a valuation of imports of $37,557,037. This was equivalent to an ad valorem of 97.36 per cent. In 1895 the duty collected was $28,102,648 on a value of imports of $61,018,579—the equivalent ad valorem being 46 per cent. This shows that with the rate of duty reduced more than one-half, the revenue was reduced only 23 per cent. It is an impudent demand to ask Congress to reimpose the high duties on raw wools to gain a revenue of six or seven millions of dollars, and to increase to an even greater degree the duties on manufactures of wool for a similar sum. At the end of February the deficit in the national account was only $900,000 more than it was at the end of November. The Government is, therefore, very nearly paying its expenses out of current revenue, and there is no reasonable ground for tinkering with the tariff, and least of all in the direction of higher duties on raw wools and manufactures of wool, where the consumer loses two dollars every time the Government gains one.

A meeting was held at Cooper Institute on Friday evening, under the call of the Central Labor Union, to protest against the introduction of militarism as a governing force in this country. The meeting was a great success in point of numbers and enthusiasm. The speeches were made by plain-talking men, who knew exactly what they wanted, and the resolutions were of the most decisive character, declaring that the participants would vote against every man, in either house of Congress, who should support the pending bills to add to the permanent military force of the nation by fortifications or otherwise. The *Tribune*, in its mendacious account of this meeting, suppresses all the ideas presented by the speakers except one. It suppresses the resolutions also: The one idea which it allows to go before its readers is that the proposed fortifications and the increased army are intended to put down strikes rather than to fight foreign enemies. The truth is that the meeting was a protest against war and all its belongings, the facilities for dealing with domestic insurrection being one of several reasons for opposing this new development of "Americanism." The idea oftenest put forward by the speakers was that war means bloodshed and penury for the laboring classes, the glory and the profits being monopolized by a few officers and contractors. Is not this true of all wars? Another idea prominently presented was that the taxes to pay for this military equipment must be paid chiefly by laboring men, which is true also.

The ordering of ships to Corinto by Secretary Olney, to protect Americans while the usual revolution is going on, will puzzle the international lawyers a good deal. They were told by Mr. Olney last July that "our fiat is law" on this continent. This they of course believed, for they didn't want their heads blown off for doubting it. But how much mystified

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they will be now to see men-of-war resorted to when a simple "fiat" could do the business so easily. Your true "fiat" is self-executing. When the Creator said, "Fiat lux," there was no need of casting about for some means of producing light, but immediately "there was light." This is the way Secretary Olney should have proceeded. He, too, shou'd have shown that he could speak and it was done, he could command and it stood fast. Instead of a war-ship, a cablegram should have been sufficient. Addressed to "Dagoes, Corinto, via Galveston," it would have needed only to say, "My fiat is peace. Olney." Instantly the machetes would have been beaten into ploughshares, and a vast and lucrative trade have been built up with this country. But cumbrous ships and guns instead of this swift King-Canute method! Fie on that kind of a fiat!

Mr. Sanger has introduced in the New York Assembly what seems to be a desirable measure supplementary to our inadequate corrupt-practice law. It provides for the filing, within ten days after election, of itemized accounts of all receipts and expenditures by candidates, committees, agents, corporations, associations, and everybody else who has paid, or advanced, or promised to pay money to aid in an election. We wish we could say that there is hope of this or some similar measure becoming a law. The Republicans were pledged in favor of it when they came into power, and Gov. Morton sought to hold them to their pledge in his first message. The last Legislature refused to pay any attention either to him or to the pledge, and this year he neglected to say anything whatever on the subject. Of course the rigid enforcement of such a law would be the destruction of Platt, for it would expose his entire system of machine control by revealing the sources of his income and the uses which he made of it. Not only would the amount of each corporation's contribution be revealed, but the share each candidate received to aid him in his election, or the price for which he sold himself to the boss, would also be exposed. This would be an appalling catastrophe to the boss system, and we look for a very chilling legislative reception to Mr. Sanger's proposal.

Echoes of the income-tax agitation are growing fainter in the South. The action of the Kentucky Legislature in adopting a resolution looking towards a constitutional amendment under which such a tax could be assessed is more than offset by the rejection in the South Carolina House of a specific income-tax bill, which commanded the votes of only about one-third of the Representatives. Many who voted in opposition were influenced by the argument that an income tax, while a good thing when applied to the whole country, might, when confined to a single State, be disastrous by its effect in driving out capital. The offering of such a reason may be accepted as evidence that even the Populists are learning not only that capital is very useful, but also that its rights must be given some consideration. When a Legislature whose members applaud Tillman's tirade takes this position on the income tax, that proposal may be considered to be as dead as Dingley's tariff bill.

The verdict of the jury in South Carolina acquitting of murder last week the lynchers of an old colored woman is symptomatic of a lower stage of humanity than prevailed in the old slavery days. A Charleston correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in a recent letter relating the outrage for which these men were tried, pointed out that, even before the war, white men were sentenced to death in that State for killing negroes when the negroes were nothing but chattels in the eye of the law. The lynchers just acquitted dragged a negro, his wife, and mother from their house at night, and beat them so terribly that the man and his mother were found dead the next morning. One of these lynchers was a prominent physician of the neighborhood. The defence relied almost entirely on the evidence of a doctor who testified that the old woman (for whose murder this trial was held) died from asphyxiation—that is, was drowned in water not a foot deep, and not from the effects of the beating received. The prosecution seems to have been in earnest to secure the conviction, and this "medical testimony" was torn all to pieces on cross-examination; but the modern South Carolina jury seems incapable of punishing a white man when a negro is his victim. The accused are still to be tried for the murder of the negro man, and it is encouraging to hear that the Judge, after their acquittal, refused to admit them to bail.

The literary output of 1895, as footed up in the *Publishers' Weekly*, shows a total of 5,469 new books and new editions (368 of the latter), as against 4,484 in 1894. The greatest increase was in fiction (385), with lesser gains in law, theology, education, and nearly every category except political and social science; as to the falling off in the latter department, theorists may well be excused for waiting for practice to catch up. Some light is thrown by the statistics on the working of the copyright law. It appears that there were 3,396 books by American authors manufactured in the United States, as compared with 847 books by English and other foreign authors, while 1,226 books were imported, in sheets or bound. The American novelist shows up badly. He produced but 287 volumes to 589 by pauper foreign authors, manufactured in this country, and 238 imported. As it was American fiction that the simultaneous-publication and American-manufacture clauses of the copyright law were going especially to protect and develop gloriously, it looks as if Mr. M. D. Conway had some ground for asserting that, from a financial point of view, the act of 1891 was the most disastrous thing that ever befell American authors. We, of course, have no patience with those cynics who maintain that the fault is not in our copyright stars, but in our fiction itself, that it is an underling.

Measured on a scale of the scornful laughter which reference to them in Parliament produces, bimetallism, protection, the Tory social programme, and the Poet Laureate would rank in about the order named. Rosebery in the Lords vied with Harcourt in the Commons in jests about "the favorite remedy of the First Lord of the Treasury, which that right honorable gentleman, as First Lord of the Treasury, finds himself precluded from applying—bimetallism," and Olympian laughter followed in either house. A similar tribute was paid to every mention of protection; and when Lord Rosebery alluded to the way the Duke of Devonshire had gone round during the recess "as a universal refrigerator," to turn an icy spray upon every bud or blossom of hope of social legislation by the Tories, the Lords had to look to their waistcoat buttons. Poor Mr. Austin must have thought his laurel had been inadvertently taken from a thorn-tree. His eulogistic verse on the Jameson raid convinced Lord Rosebery that the laureateship was not only, as he always thought, an obsolete office, but also a dangerous one. Hard hitting Sir William Harcourt, when referring to the attitude which sober-minded Englishmen should observe towards lawless compromisers of the English name, like Jameson, remarked with huge disdain: "I am not speaking of music-halls or of poets laureate." The cheers and roars of laughter that followed were enough to suggest that the next official poem should begin: "Who would not be jeered at for England?"

As anti-Semitism goes down in Berlin it goes up in Vienna. That pious Jew-baiter, Dr. Stöcker, is in disgrace, repudiated by his erstwhile enthusiastic admirer, the Emperor, and reduced to a practical nullity politically. But in Vienna the new Municipal Council is more sweepingly anti-Semite than the last one, which the Emperor had to dissolve in November. It will doubtless elect its chosen agitator, Dr. Lueger, Burgomaster again, and bring on a fresh contest with the Crown. Stormy times are presaged for Austrian politics, not only by this insensate race prejudice, but by the socialistic and labor agitation as well, which is already leading to scenes of unprecedented violence in the Diet.

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MILITARISM IN A REPUBLIC.

THE embroilment with Spain has come upon the commercial world, as the President's Venezuela message did, like thunder out of a clear sky. The former is one of the indirect consequences of the latter. Congress was so dumfounded and demoralized by the tone of that message that it has had no steadiness or stamina since. It was panic-stricken with the idea that Mr. Cleveland and his party would gain an advantage by being greater Jingoes than the Republicans. The latter, through their leading politicians and newspapers, had been demanding a "vigorous foreign policy," and when Mr. Cleveland gave them rather more of it than they wanted or expected, they felt compelled to "stand behind him." This was a situation they had never contemplated. They have ever since been trying to get in front. They first tried to rally under the banner of Armenia, and for this purpose they passed a resolution lecturing the Powers of Europe for not carrying out the Treaty of Berlin—a treaty to which we were not a party. This was rather ridiculous, besides which Armenia was too far away. The rebellion in Cuba was near at hand, and was the only other thing that offered a chance of getting in front of Cleveland instead of bringing up the rear. This is the reason why the business world was plunged into fresh trouble last Friday, and why it is to be harassed for an indefinite time to come. This is the reason why an excitable people on the other side of the water are mobbing American consulates in their chief cities, and why the American Minister is protected against insult or perhaps violence only by a strong police force at Madrid.

All these doings are wicked, and they point to a reign of militarism the end of which no man can foresee. They will give rise to a new demand for forts, battleships, big guns, war material, and all the things that go to make a hell upon earth. Because we shake our fists at Spain, and a mob in consequence pulls down our flag at Barcelona, it is made plausible to say that our seacoast is defenceless, and that any third-rate Power can come into our harbors and lay our cities under contribution. A great many catchwords can be constructed out of such rotten material, yet the whole argument for forts and battle-ships rests upon the false assumption that foreign Powers (third-rate Powers, forsooth) are going to attack us without provocation. Such a wild, nonsensical assumption does not deceive any human being who stops to think. The United States of America unarmed is, for all purposes of self-defence, the strongest Power in the world to-day—strong in resources, strong in intelligence, strong in distance from other Powers, and strongest of all in moral greatness if it chooses to exercise its strength that way. No nation will ever attack us unless first provoked by us. The object and purpose of forts and battleships is to enable us to give such provocation or to become aggressors. But we cannot do this without changing our character and entering the lists with other military nations.

What we shall become in the course of another hundred years after we have got ourselves in readiness "to meet the world in arms," as the blatherskites are always saying, we may dimly infer from the antics of the present Congress. This collection of demagogues, the most dangerous we have had since the civil war, and rapidly becoming the most odious, has been in session three months, and during that time has put itself in fighting attitude three times. Although we have no army, no navy, no fortifications, although we have a Treasury deficit and have been near to suspension and the silver standard, this Congress has "stood behind Cleveland" in his unnecessary quarrel with Great Britain, has threatened Turkey and denounced Europe for not dismembering her, and is now threatening Spain about a matter which does not concern us, under pretence of a regard for humanity. If all this is done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If this is the measure of our common sense when we have neither soldiers, ships, forts, nor money, what will happen when we have all of them?

Of one thing we may be sure—militarism, if we adopt it, will have a profound influence on the national character, and the effect will be less wholesome than it is among the military nations of the Old World, where each is under the restraints imposed by strong neighbors. The balance of power exists expressly to prevent any one of them from playing the part of a bully toward the others. We have no strong neighbors, and accordingly we are under the temptation to drop good manners in our dealings with other countries. We have had some recent specimens of such insolence which lead us to apprehend more. Unfortunately we can say things as a nation which, if said by one European Power to another, would cause armies to be mobilized. This is a misfortune to us because it deteriorates the national character, multiplies bad manners in private circles, and creates lawlessness at home, of which we already have an over-supply. It is impossible to say what would be the course of the national life if we were once armed as strongly as we might be, but it would be something different from its present course. We know what happened to the Roman republic when it became all-powerful. Rome was forced to be a military republic in the first instance. That was the condition of her life; for in ancient times, says Mommsen, it was necessary to be either the hammer or the anvil. So long as Rome had strong rivals, she kept her ancient discipline and preserved the boon of liberty regulated by law. When she no longer had rivals to engage her strength, her militarism engulfed her. One civil war followed another, until she found relief in a monarchy which gave her peace in exchange for liberty. The military republic which grew out of the French Revolution ran nearly the same course, except that the monarch took away the nation's liberty without giving her peace.

We are told, as though it were something important, that there is no intention to use these new implements for any other purpose than self-defence. The intention of the promoters is of no consequence. What Senator Lodge is looking for is the votes of unreflecting persons and the applause of other Jingoes like himself. The question is not what is intended by these preparations, but what they are adapted for. They will stay after Mr. Lodge is gone. He will disappear like an *ignis fatuus* in due time. The Roman legions were not recruited and drilled to butcher their own citizens, but they were found well suited to that purpose when they had no foreign foe to exercise their weapons upon. We do not apprehend anything of that kind here. We dread the reflex influence of militarism upon the national character, the transformation of a peace-loving people into a nation of swaggerers ever ready to take offence, prone to create difficulties, eager to shed blood, and taking all sorts of occasions to bring the Christian religion to shame under pretence of vindicating the rights of humanity in some other country. Depend upon it, this means putting the United States on a new pathway and altering the national character for the worse. Three months ago, nobody could have imagined such an outlook, and if anybody had predicted it, he would have been considered mad.

GOOD AMERICAN SALVATION.

MR. DEPEW, who has a remarkable gift for putting the gist of a complicated subject into a few terse, graphic words, says of the troubles in the Salvation Army:

> "Americans want to get their salvation by way of Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall and the old gun at Lexington, instead of by way of London. If they can't get it that way, they'd just run their chances of getting to heaven."

It is well that this should be said "right here" before the controversy over Ballington Booth's withdrawal from the Army goes any further, for it brings our thinkers face to face with the question, "Do we want English salvation or American salvation?" That is the fundamental issue in the controversy. Certain persons, who are prone to take an un-American view of every international complication which arises between us and Great Britain, have been trying to shift the issue by saying that the real question is whether or not Ballington Booth is guilty of insubordination in refusing to relinquish command of the American branch of the Salvation Army and return to England for orders. It is not worth while to pay much attention to persons of this calibre. Anybody who will hold that discipline is of

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more importance in a Salvation Army than patriotism, is not a good American, whatever else he may be. He would prefer to have his Salvation by way of London rather than through the old gun at Lexington, and the American republic has no use for him.

It is the utter failure of Gen. Booth, the head at once of the Booth family and the Salvation Army, to comprehend the American view which has precipitated the present troubles. Ballington Booth, as Commander of the American branch of the Army, has cut away from British usages in Salvation campaigning and has Americanized his force. His British censors make this the ground of their demand for his removal. He has raised the Army here from poverty to such affluence that it has paid off thousands of dollars of debt and has sent thousands of dollars to other branches of the Army in Europe. He and his family not only live comfortably in their own house, but many of his subordinate officers have been acquiring homes of their own on the instalment plan, others have been coursing luxuriously about on bicycles, either owned or hired, and one has been riding from post to post with a horse and buggy owned by himself. Furthermore, Commander Booth has induced many wealthy persons to become interested in the Army to such an extent that they have become "Auxiliaries"—that is, persons outside of its ranks who contribute regularly to its support. These have been so generous that the Army has been able to erect a fine building as headquarters in this city, and one of the demands on Commander Booth is that he shall turn this property over to the Army on relinquishing his American command. This demand, coming upon the heels of demands for the giving up of homes, and bicycles, and the horse and buggy, has started a wave of true American feeling which may lead to the establishment of an Independent American Salvation Army. Alarm about this has reached England, leading the London *Daily News* to remark that "America may yet have a Salvation Army Fourth of July."

It is pointed out by the most intense Americans who have given thought to this matter, that the usual British traits are discernible in this effort to oust Ballington Booth. These say that the other members of the Booth family, and there are many of them, who have Army posts in various parts of pauper-ridden Europe, have discovered that Ballington has a particularly "soft thing" of it here, and, being truly British in their instincts, they are trying to "grab it." Not content with taking thousands of dollars in good American money which he has raised and sent to them, they wish to get possession of his office and its property and run the American Army in British interests. These keen-eyed critics assure us that the most liberal of the Auxiliaries are "on to" this, and are not going to allow it. They quote an Auxiliary as saying that their money was contributed "solely with the idea of carrying on the work in this country, not in Kamtchatka or New Zealand"; that the "donors intended that it should be spent right here in the United States"; that they "will not consent to a transfer to British control of the property which their money has bought," and that "if a refusal to transfer means a split in the Army, let's have the split. Let's have a pure, unadulterated American Army, with Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth at its head."

It must be admitted that this is a good American case. We are surely entitled to have only American Salvation secured with our own American money. We have our own tariff system, our own monetary system, our own boss system, and our own journalism; why should we not have our own Salvation system? We will stand no British meddling, or dictation, or grabbing in reference to our other systems and institutions; why should we in this? It is claimed by the British Booths that Ballington has departed from the original and fundamental idea of the Army's work, which was to carry religion and salvation to those classes of society which the churches and charitable organizations never reach. How British that is! Because they have pauper labor, the outcome of British free trade, in England, with all the misery and poverty which accompany it, they think we have the same thing here. They do not know the blessings of McKinleyism, and the comparative luxury which has ensued to all classes of Americans. Here Salvation and comfort can go hand in hand with no harm to the cause. Our lowliest classes can be exhorted from a buggy or a bicycle as effectively as from the pavement, and we can have great Salvation meetings in Carnegie Hall, with millionaires thickly congregated on the platform and well distributed through the audience, and Chauncy M. Depew as presiding officer and chief exhorter. This is clearly an American brand of Salvation, and it should be embodied in a genuine American Army.

PLATT'S LEGAL POSITION.

No excuse is needed for criticising the social as well as political recognition of Thomas C. Platt by the leading members of the Republican party in this State, including high officers of the State Government. He is, in fact, treated habitually by such officers as an important public personage, whose advice is desirable, if not necessary, not only with regard to party policy, but with regard to State and municipal legislation. That he himself has been cheated into some such view of his position, is shown by an excuse he sent the other day for non-attendance at a public dinner in Detroit. He said:

> "I have not married a wife or bought a yoke of oxen, but I have made an ass of myself by assuming certain political burdens which I must carry out at that time."

He evidently believes himself to be—and it is not an unnatural belief for a man of his mental and moral calibre under all the circumstances—a person exercising important and legitimate functions of a quasi-legal character, who is legitimately and reasonably summoned into consultation by high State officers touching matters of public concern.

It is not to be disputed that the treatment accorded to individuals by men occupying conspicuous public positions, whether in the professions or in political offices—that is, by all men whose conduct the public has a right to criticise, or from whom it has a right to seek lessons in morals and propriety, and whose examples or standards are likely to influence young people, or ignorant people, or to encourage or discourage vice—is a matter of great importance in any community governed by universal suffrage. The company kept by any public officer, or any prominent judge or lawyer or minister, or any conspicuous person whose name in the popular eye stands for a good cause, or is closely connected with some great public interest, is therefore a matter of serious and legitimate public concern. It means to the world at large approval or disapproval of some course of action or line of life, and, as such, is likely to have marked though unseen effects on popular morals, both in politics and society.

Thomas C. Platt follows a trade of which no one of whom we have yet heard denies the criminality. If it were proposed at a constitutional convention to create a State office charged with the work he does, it would be received with either laughter or indignation. It would rank with a proposal to have a State Receiver of Stolen Goods, or a State Inspector of Brothels, or a State Abortionist. For what are these "political burdens" which he says he has taken on himself? Are they not the collection from rich men and corporations of money, by way of blackmail, for protection against "striking" legislation, or in aid of corrupt legislation—that is, either for protection from extortion or assistance in evading lawful obligations? And is not this money used systematically to corrupt legislators, by causing them to violate their oaths and cheat their constituents by voting, not in obedience to their consciences, but in obedience to another will than their own for ends which they dare not avow?

If this were a lawful calling, it might be carried on as openly as the collection of taxes. Platt might have his office hours for the reception of blackmail, and the officers of the corporations could send their checks to him and get their receipts just as they send them to the Receiver of Taxes. Moreover, he might, and probably would, either publish his accounts, or at all events keep them open for the inspection of any citizen who cared to examine them. The mere fact that although the effect of the business on public affairs is great and far-reaching, touching nearly every department of our social activity,

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notably our chief municipal concerns, the business is kept strictly secret, combined with the fact that it is unknown to the law, is *prima-facie* evidence of criminality. Platt is just as careful to conceal his receipts as his customers are their payments. They know they are employing him in an unlawful and disreputable business, highly injurious to public and private morals, and he knows that he would no more dare publish the particulars of his business than if he kept a brothel or a gambling-house. Both of them rely for immunity on the fact that it is impossible to furnish legal proof of his guilt, because it is impossible to show the direct effect of his blackmail on legislation, and he is not a public officer. The Penal Code contains several provisions which would cover Platt's career if he were a public officer, or could be taken *flagrante delicto*. Section 552 defines extortion as "obtaining of property from another, with his consent, induced by a wrongful use of force or fear." Platt does not do this exactly, but he plays on the fear which he knows exists, and, though not in office, puts himself forward as the representative of the persons who have excited the fear, so that the moral guilt is plain though the legal guilt be not provable.

Now we hold that nothing is so necessary to the success and stability of republican institutions as the exaltation and perpetuation, by all known means, of the art of persuasion as a political force. It is by this we must stand or fall. In so far as elections are affected and legislation produced by other influences or instrumentalities than the voice and pen, so far is the permanence of popular government endangered. For some years past this open persuasion has ceased in this State to have any serious influence on legislation. Bills are framed and passed by agencies of which the public knows nothing, and often in defiance of public opinion. Unless all human experience is at fault, the man who introduces and maintains such a system in a democratic state, is a far worse enemy of the Government than if he rose in arms against it as they do in Central America. Now Platt is a man who has done and is doing this very thing. And he does not do it as a "bold bad man," or as a demagogue who, by open distribution of largess, or by winning ways, or a reckless eloquence, cheats the people into forgetfulness of the conditions of political success. He does it by secret methods, which every man in the community acknowledges to be dangerous and corrupt, and therefore criminal. The very fact that his methods are secret, and that there is no possibility of bringing him to criminal justice, should make every one who loves his country and cares for pure government, all the more eager to use every other means of discountenancing him, of bringing him into disrepute, of impressing the children in the schools and the young men in the stores and offices with horror of his ways, with the danger to American institutions of the system of government which he is establishing among us.

As long as he is not only recognized as a law-abiding citizen, but treated with honor as a person exercising a legitimate influence on public affairs, and not avoided as a public criminal, there will not be much use in teaching government in the schools, or lecturing on "Civics," or preaching Thanksgiving sermons on love of country. His success, his currency, his impudence, shall we say? are doing to our political system what all the armies and navies in the world would be powerless to effect. They are shaking popular faith in the manly political arts, in public eloquence, in reason, in law, in all the agencies which work on the human mind and the human conscience, as distinguished from human greed, covetousness, and cunning. Would it be possible to find a young man in the State who has caught from Platt's career one generous impulse, one noble aspiration, whose standard of public duty has not been lowered by watching him bribing legislators to despise public opinion?

THE BRITISH IN THE TRANSVAAL.

M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, brother of the more celebrated Paul, has an article in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the late events in the Transvaal, which is the first account we have seen from a competent and impartial observer. He reached the Transvaal from Australia early in December, in company with 250 emigrants rushing to the gold fields, and at Capetown met 500 more coming from England on the same errand. Johannesburg by train is fifty hours from Capetown, a distance of about 1,000 miles. What struck him first was the extraordinary solidity of the buildings, which, there being little or no wood in the country, have had to be constructed of stone or brick—a fact which has rather increased the alarm of the Boers, who, in the beginning, were in hopes that the mining excitement would speedily die out and the Uitlanders pass away. The population he estimates at 2,000 to 3,000 Dutchmen, who hold most of the offices; 6,000 to 12,000 Americans; 20,000 Germans, probably an exaggeration; a few hundred Russian Jews, and a few of nearly every race and nation under heaven. There were 9,000 British in 1890, but the number has more than quadrupled since then. The English and Americans do most of the mining. The Germans keep stores, and the Jews creep into the little crevices left by the other races, while the Boers stick to their cattle-raising.

What is most interesting in his narrative is, however, his account of the events preceding Jameson's raid, of which he was an eye-witness. Certain important facts he brings out clearly for the first time, as far as we know. The Uitlanders have a "Mining Chamber," or exchange, in Johannesburg, at the opening of which in November last the President, a Mr. Phillips, delivered a violent harangue, threatening the Boer Government with insurrection unless it made immediate reforms; and he was supported by the British press. M. Leroy-Beaulieu found three parties or sets in the field at this moment: revolutionaries, with the financiers at their head, mainly English and Jews, who wished to annex the Transvaal to Capetown, and were very hostile to the Boers; moderates, mainly Americans, Africans, and Johannesburg shopkeepers, who wanted peaceful reform, headed by Brown; and lastly all other foreigners who wanted to have nothing to do with any agitation.

By the 27th of December a proclamation was issued by the "National Union" demanding a whole string of radical reforms, and calling on the people to say how they should be secured. A local journal pronounced this appeal too "moderate." On the following day, the 28th, the women and children began to leave Johannesburg, and the crowds of men of the non-combatant sort began to follow them. On the 30th, business ceased at Johannesburg, and the "Reform Committee," composed of twenty-five persons, including Leonard Rhodes, the brother of Cecil, sitting at the headquarters of the "Consolidated Gold Fields Company," took charge of the government of the town, began to distribute rifles, and produced three Maxim guns, which had been previously concealed. The working miners were compelled to take these arms or be discharged. Some negotiation with President Krüger was started at the same time, but the concessions he agreed to make were pronounced insufficient.

Regular corps then began to appear in arms for drill, each with a cockade of its own. There was even a corps of cavalry, with fine horses, which caracoled about the streets showing the fine "hunting seats" of the riders. The women formed a band of hospital nurses and appeared clad in white. Every day, notices appeared in the newspapers, saying all was ready, and that all "the measures which strategy and the military art could suggest had been taken." On the 30th of December, things being in this position, the news came that Jameson, with 700 trained troops of the Chartered Company, was entering the Transvaal. It was then generally believed at Johannesburg that this settled the matter. To the question whether the Boers would not resist, the answer was that "the Boers had degenerated; that they were no longer the men they were fifteen years ago; besides, they were surprised and would not fight, and that, anyhow, the chiefs had been bought up." A crowd stood in the street in front of the Gold Fields office, hearing telegrams with news of Jameson's progress read out from the windows. On the 1st of January he was twenty miles from Johannesburg, the

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Boers having tried in vain to stop him. He was to be in the town on the morrow. On the morrow the place was *en fête*, women sitting in the balconies in full dress to welcome him, and soup being kept hot for his men when they arrived. People with glasses at last began to see him on the hills outside the town, and men went out in landaus to meet him. A little after twelve came the news that the Boers had captured him with arms and baggage.

What happened was that he was so confident of settling everything by a forced march and a *coup de main* that he started without provisions and without reserves of ammunition. The Boers were taken somewhat by surprise, but they followed their usual tactics with their usual Dutch phlegm. They joined their colors in small parties, as they got notice on their outlying farms. These small parties hung on the enemy's flank, following him closely and watching him. As the numbers increased, they began to sting him, and when they reached the position chosen to fight in, they began to play on him, their fire increasing every minute by the arrival of fresh men. When they first came into touch with Jameson they had only 400 men to his 700. The next day they were more than his match. One of Jameson's officers, who escaped, told M. Leroy-Beaulieu that the day of the fight they did not see a single enemy. The only sign of him was puffs of smoke coming out of crevices in the rocks. "The minute the white flag was hoisted, men seemed to swarm out of the ground like ants." The English lost 65 killed, 37 wounded, and 23 missing.

The scenes in Johannesburg on the arrival of the news were somewhat comic. At the first moment the mob were disposed to lynch the Reform Committee for not marching to Jameson's assistance. But the Committee sneaked away, after having told a good many lies, just like any ordinary Jingo who has been "hollering" for war. The Cornish miners who had left the town before the fight, with "Cowards' Van" posted on their wagons by the enraged Jingoes, now got the laugh on the warriors. The smart cavalry disappeared; so did the hospital nurses. M. Leroy-Beaulieu's summing up is this:

"The events which accompanied and followed the attempt at revolution show clearly that it was not the result of a popular movement, but that of an agitation set up by the great financial houses of Johannesburg to seize the government of the Transvaal and establish an English protectorate—an object which they dared not avow, lest they should alienate not only the foreigners, other than Anglo-Saxons, who had always been opposed to the movement, but also the Americans and Africanders, who were afraid of falling into the hands of the Chartered Company. That Mr. Rhodes knew, approved, and helped to prepare Dr. Jameson's expedition is generally admitted by the public in spite of the diplomatic denials."

He gives various corroborative proofs of the correctness of this belief, and suggests, as the explanation of the insufficiency of Jameson's preparations, the deception practised on Rhodes by the Johannesburg financiers touching both the corruptibility of the Boers and their military value.

THE CARIBS OF GUIANA.

GEORGETOWN, February 8, 1896.

IN fixing the boundaries of English, French, and Spanish possessions in North America, regard was shown to the alliances which those nations respectively had with their neighboring Indians. Thus it was that the St. Mary's River became the dividing line between the colony of Georgia and the Spaniards, in 1736 (Bancroft's 'History of the United States,' 1876, vol. ii., pp. 571-72). In like manner, the alliances with the natives of Guiana extended or restricted the spheres of dominion of the several European nations that made settlements in that region of South America. The notes following will show that the Caribs, the dominating race of aborigines in Guiana, were independent of the Spaniards, were enemies of the Spaniards, and were allies of the Dutch. It was one consequence of these several relations that the Spaniards never got a foothold on the coast of Guiana between the Corentyne River and the Amacura, while the Dutch were able to settle at several places within that area, even up to the Barima district, and to exercise dominion over it.

In 1768 a New England colonist named Bancroft, a medical man, was living in the Dutch settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, in the practice of his profession. He wrote letters during his residence. These were published in London in 1769. How very slight was the foothold of the Spaniards in Guiana at that time can be realized from the following statement made by the New Englander:

"Several revolutions have happened in the property of Guiana, since its discovery; but it is now divided between the Spaniards, Dutch, French, and Portuguese; the Spaniards, however, have no other possessions in this country, except their settlements on the Eastern side of the river *Oronoque*, near the confines of its limits, and therefore can hardly be included among the proprietors of Guiana."—*Natural History of Guiana* (p. 8).

Of the Caribs, of their chief stronghold on the coast between the Essequibo and the Orinoco, and of their lingering tradition of Sir Walter Raleigh, our New Englander wrote thus:

"The *Caribbees* are the most numerous, brave, warlike, and industrious of all the known tribes inhabiting *Guiana*. They reside chiefly on the sea-coast between *Essequebo* and the Great River *Oronoque*" (pp. 253, 254).

"The *Caribbee Indians* are at perpetual variance with the *Spaniards*, and frequently commit hostilities on their settlements at the River *Oronoque* They retain a tradition of an *English* chief who many years since landed amongst them, and encouraged them to persevere in enmity to the Spaniards, promising to return and settle amongst them and afford them assistance, and it is said that they still preserve an *English* Jack, which he left them that they might distinguish his countrymen. This was undoubtedly Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who, in the year 1595, made a descent on the coast of *Guiana* in search of the fabulous older city of *Manoa del Dorado*, and conquered Fort *Joseph* [in the Island of Trinidad], on the River *Oronoque*" (pp. 258, 259).

So far, therefore, from the Spaniards being in possession, in 1768, of the territory between the Essequibo and the Orinoco, that region was then independent of them, and the Caribs, who inhabited it along with the Dutch, were "at perpetual variance with the Spaniards, and frequently committed hostilities on their settlements at the River *Oronoque*."

That Bancroft wrote truly is amply certified by what has been published to the world by Spanish and Venezuelan authorities. Under the title of 'Venezuelan International Law—British Boundaries' of Guayana,' by Señor Rafael Seijas, the Venezuelan Government has issued a statement of its case with regard to its boundary dispute with Great Britain. In this bulky volume of 588 pages, there are numerous facts illustrating the complete independence of the Caribs of the Guiana, and their undying enmity to the Spaniards. There are also indications in some of those statements of the alliance that existed between the Caribs and the Dutch; but upon that point a high Spanish authority shall now be quoted.

In 1786–89 was published in Spanish 'The Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies,' by Colonel Don Antonio Alcedo, a member of the Academy of History. This work was translated into English, and published in London in 1812–15. It is from the English translation that the following quotations have been taken. They are set forth below in their alphabetical order. The italics are not used in the originals:

"ARUACAS, a barbarous nation of Indians who inhabit the *s. e.* of the River Orinoco, descendants of the Charibbes. They are very numerous, and inhabit the country between the river Berbice and the mountains of Guayana: they have no fixed habitations, and therefore wander about those mountains: *they are the friends and allies of the Dutch of the colonies of Berbice, Esquibo, and Surinam.*"

"CARIBES, a barbarous and ferocious nation of Indians, who are cannibals, inhabiting the province which by them is called Caribana. They are divided under the titles of the Maritimos and Mediterráneos: the former live in plains and upon the Coast of the Atlantic, *are contiguous to the Dutch and French colonies, and follow the laws and customs of the former, with whom they carry on a commerce.* They are the most cruel of any that infest the settlements of the missions of the river Orinoco, and are the same as those called Galibis. The Mediterráneos, who inhabit the *s.* side of the source of the river Caroni, are of a more pacific nature, and began to be reduced to the faith by the regular order of the abolished society of the Jesuits in 1738. The name of Caribes is given not only to these and other Indians of the Antilles, but to all such as are cannibals" (Vol. i., p. 317).

Mark the precise statement of Alcedo, that the Caribs "follow the laws and customs" of the Dutch!

"CARIBANA. . . . It takes its name from the Caribes Indians, who inhabit it, and who are very fierce and cruel, *although upon amicable terms with the Dutch.* . . . The coast, inhabited by Europeans, forms the greater part of this tract of country, of which an account will be found under the respective articles" (Vol. i, p. 313).

"CUYUM, or Cuyuni, a large river of the province of Guayana and Government of Cumana. Its origin is not known for certain; but, from the account of the Caribes Indians, it is somewhere near the lake Parime, in the interior of the province, and to the *n. e.* of the said lake. It runs nearly due from *n.* to *s.* making several turnings, until it enters the Esquibo. By this river *the Dutch merchants of this colony, assisted by the Caribes*, go to entrap the Indians, to make them labor in the estates; and *they have built two forts on either side of the mouth of the river.*"

It should be noted that *sub voce* PARIME, Alcedo says: "On the *n. n. e.* the Cuyuni rises from this lake, and laves the territory of the Dutch Colonies, and afterwards unites itself with the Essequibo" (vol. iv, p. 57).

"MAZARONI, *Mazaruini*, or Ataparan, a large and abundant river of the province of Guayana and government of Cumana. It rises in the interior of the province, and runs nearly from *s.* to *n.* until it enters the Essequibo just close to

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where this runs into the sea. *The Dutch, protected by the Caribes*, navigate this river to pillage the Indians of the province, whom they make slaves to work in their estates; nor are there any stratagems which avarice and tyranny can invent that are not adopted for the purpose of entrapping those unhappy wretches. *It is from this policy that the Dutch are in alliance and friendship with the Caribes.*"

Alcedo's work was translated into English by A. G. Thompson, who, in consequence, was familiarly known as "Alcedo" Thompson. Besides translating Alcedo's own work, Thompson, in his edition, added materially to it, making his own quite an up-to-date publication. As the British-Dutch case is a very complete one, its party can afford to draw the attention of the advocates of Venezuelan claims to Thompson's own statement—not Alcedo's, be it noted—that the boundary between the Spanish and the then recently acquired British possessions was the Essequibo River, "according to the Treaty" of 1814. Of course, the Treaty did not say anything about boundaries, and Alcedo himself flatly contradicted Thompson by giving the boundary at the River Pomeroon. Here are the Spanish author's own words:

"Poumaron, a river of the province of Guayana, in the part called Dutch Guayana. It rises in the *serrania* of Inataca, runs *n. e.* and enters the sea 107 miles from the mouth Grande or de Hanos Navios of the Orinoco. It is the boundary of Dutch Guayana, is at its mouth half a league wide, and the territory of its shores is low and covered with trees. . . . The *e.* point which it forms is the Cape of Nassau, and at six leagues from hence the Dutch built upon its shore a fort with the name of Nueva Zelanda; and a little higher up is the settlement of New Middleburg, surrounded with plantations and cultivated lands. The mouth of this river is in lat. 70 deg. 34 min. *n.*, long 58 deg. 47 min *w*" (Vol. iv., p. 216).

Having said thus much of "Alcedo" Thompson, and having shown that he cannot in any wise be considered as having harbored any hostile spirit against the Spaniards, let us quote his testimony upon the value of Spanish "claims" to the territory lying between the Orinoco and Cape Nassau, near the Pomeroon. His statements bear internal evidence of being founded mainly upon Spanish authorities. Under the heading *Guayana*, Thompson says:

"Surinam, Essequebo, and Demerara, though now belonging to the English (having been taken in the present war), were Dutch settlements, and were bounded to the *e.* by the sea, to the *s.* by the river Maroni, to the *n.* by the river Essequebo, according to the treaty (though they have since made Cape Nassau the *n.* boundary), and to the *w.* by Spanish Guayana.

"What remains of Guayana for the Spaniards is bounded on the *e.* by the sea, from Cape Nassau to the mouth of the Orinoco, which are 30 leagues distant from each other.

"The missionaries charged with bringing the Indians to a social life by means of Christianity, began their work by this part of Guayana. Twenty-seven villages built to the *e.* of the river Caroni bespeak the success of the Calonian Capuchin fathers They have not, however, approached the coast by above 30 leagues; because it is inhabited by the Caribes, the most ferocious and courageous of all the Indians, who have invariably made martyrs of the apostles who have endeavoured to convert them to Christianity. It is true that the ferocity of the Caribes would have been softened by the morality of the missionaries, if the Dutch of Surinam, wishing to extend their trade to Spanish Guiana, had not made it a part of their politics to protect the vagabond life of *the Caribes, who prevent the Spaniards approaching their coast. It is certain that Spanish Guayana appears upon the maps to occupy 30 leagues of coast from the mouth of the Orinoco to Cape Nassaw, but might in reality be said not to occupy an inch; for the natives have defended their independence so well that they have never been converted, reduced, nor conquered; and are, in fact, as free as they were before the discovery of America.* It is lamentable that the barbarous use they make of their liberty obliges the philosopher to wish rather that they should lose than that they should preserve it."

"The most considerable of the Indian Nations of Guayana are the Caribes, the Arvaques, the Yaos, and the Galibis. These are well proportioned, for the most part, are swarthy, and go naked. The Caribes are enterprising, and so cautious of surprise that they post out-guards and sentinels with as much care and art as the Europeans. The Caribes of Guayana still fondly cherish the tradition of Sir Walter Raleigh's alliance, and to this day preserve the English colors which he left with them at parting, above 200 years since.

"*The Dutch have been thought to be much more vigilant and solicitous about the protection of their settlements in this quarter than the Spaniards; for the latter have no advanced posts on the frontiers of the former, whilst the Dutch have on the coast a body of guards, and occupy a fort called the Old Castle, at the junction of the river Mazurimi with the Essequibo; they also keep an advanced guard of twenty-five men upon the river Cuyuni.*

"By 'means of these precautions, they are not only respected on their own territory, but they overrun with safety all the neighboring Spanish possessions. They remove their limits whenever their interest invites them, and maintain their usurpation by force.

"The natural result of this is that the Spaniards and Dutch live at Guayana not like very good neighbors. They reproach each other with injuries, some of which are very serious. The Spaniards pretend that the Dutch constantly encroach upon their territory, and respect no limits; that they destroy the Spanish trade to Guayana by the contraband goods they introduce; that they continually excite the Caribes against them, and prevent their subjection by the advice they give them and the arms with which they furnish them. The Dutch, on their part, impute to the Spaniards the desertion of their slaves, who meet at Guayana with a hospitable reception, with their liberty and the protection of the government. It is true that the Spaniards have for a long time protected, more from a principle of vengeance than of humanity, all the slaves of Surinam who have sought an asylum among them. They have even peopled with these fugitives two very considerable villages upon the banks of the river Caura, where they receive likewise the Indians who are forced by the Caribes to fly from the slavery of the Dutch.

"In one of the treaties between the Dutch and Spaniards, previously to the taking of Dutch Guayana by the English, it was stipulated on the part of the Spaniards to give up to the Dutch all the slaves who might have retired into the Spanish territory, or to pay their value, and indeed, if this condition was always as faithfully fulfilled as it was latterly, it would re-establish between the two countries a harmony most decidedly in favour of the Spaniards; in as much as this is undoubtedly the weaker party."

The concluding paragraph describes the Spaniards of Guiana as undoubtedly "the weaker party." There could, indeed, be no comparison between the grip the Dutch held of Guiana—from the Maroni to the Amacura—and the feeble foothold of the Spaniards. According to the New Englander Bancroft, already quoted, the Spaniards had no other possessions in Guiana, "except their settlements on the Eastern side of the river *Oronoque*, near the confines of its limits, and therefore, can hardly be included among the proprietors of Guiana."

This is not the occasion to speak of the English connection with Guiana. It will be noted, however, that both Bancroft and "Alcedo" Thompson make mention of the tradition preserved among the Caribs of the coming to Guiana of Sir Walter Raleigh and of the flag he left with them. There is, in the Public Record Office, London, an official letter from Captain Thompson of the Royal Navy, who governed the colonies when they were taken from the Dutch in 1781, in which he reported to Lord George Germain, then a principal secretary of state, about the newly captured settlements. Therein Captain Thompson said that Sir Walter Raleigh, "in his expedition up the Oroonoko after the city Manon del Dorado and the golden lake of Parima, got by some creek into Cajonie [Cuyuni] and Essequebo Rivers, where he stimulated the Carribee Indians against the Spaniards, exchanged with them presents and a flag, assuring them he would return—which flag and tradition the Indians retain to this day, *as well as their unconquerable aversion to the Spaniards.*" Mark the concluding statement, here italicised.

The foregoing authorities testify to the fact that, when Great Britain came into possession of the Dutch settlements to the east of the Orinoco, Spain did not occupy—had not occupied—any part of the lands where the Caribs dwelt, and did not exercise any dominion over that region. It is clear that the rules of international law quoted by Dr. Seijas on page 182 of the 'Statement of Venezuela's Case' apply forcibly to the case of the Carib allies of Holland. Were there not the rights of possession, occupation, and the exercise of dominion? Surely the following should, in view of the historical facts above set forth, be enough to justify the title of Holland and of Great Britain in succession to the lands of Guiana between the Moruca and the Amacura:

"Now, as regards the Indians of this Continent, it is a well known fact that no European nation has ever looked upon them as a State, and for this reason *there was no obstacle to occupying the lands which they possessed.* Even as regards the United States, who were in the habit of buying them, the most modern publicists are of opinion that they have a legitimate and indisputable right of dominion over all lands occupied by the Indian tribes situated on the frontiers of the thirteen States that *established* the Republic. . . .

"It is necessary furthermore to bear in mind that all things included in a country belong to the nation, and as only she or the person in whom she has deposited her rights is authorized to dispose of these things, if places uncultivated or deserted have been left in the country, no one has the right to take possession of them without the consent of the nation. Although she may not actually use them these places are none the less her property; it is her interest to preserve them for future use, and she is responsible to no one for the manner in which she may use her property" ('Venezuelan International Law,' p. 182.)

N. Darnell Davis.

GRUCKER'S LESSING.

Paris, February 13, 1896.

Foreign literature cannot be said to be neglected at the present moment in France; English novels are translated; we hear constantly of Ibsen, of Annunzio. But since the war of 1870, little has been heard of Germany and of German literature. We have become Wagnerian, but it seems as if the domain of music had no frontiers. The German language is taught in our colleges, but very few German books are read or translated. In our universities (I ought rather to say our faculties) there are a few eminent men who give lectures on German literature, but they give them before a very sparse public. Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, has such a *Faculté*, whose lectures on foreign literature are given by M. Grucker, a native of Alsace, who emigrated after the war from Strasbourg to Nancy. M. Grucker pub-

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lished in 1883 an important volume under the title of 'History of Literary and Æsthetic Doctrines in Germany,' which extended from the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. M. Grucker described with minute details the various phases of the struggle between Gottsched and the Swiss writers, and showed how the latter provoked the movement of literary emancipation and opposition to the absolutism of Gottsched.

We have now before us another volume by M. Grucker, on Lessing. All the efforts made in various directions before him were wanting in unity, in directness; they were isolated and fragmentary:

"It was necessary," says M. Grucker, "that a man superior by his intellect, his science, and his character, a master of criticism, should take in hand the interests of the German mind, to deliver it from all that stopped its march and paralyzed its action; to give it its full liberty; to make it free and at the same time to discipline it, to assure everywhere the triumph of criticism and free thought; to lay down new laws for poetry and the drama; and thus to prepare the advent of a national literature. Lessing was that man; the work of reform and emancipation was his work."

Lessing was, above all, a critic. Criticism, in the highest sense of the word, was in him a natural function; and his activity covered all branches of literature—art, the theatre, philosophy, theology. It is interesting to note how his mental activity changed its sphere of action according to the changes which took place in his private life; and thus his biography is intimately connected with the development of his critical work.

Lessing was born at Camenz in the province of Upper Lusatia January 22, 1729, one of the twelve children of a Lutheran minister. He was allowed to enter, at the age of thirteen, the Fürstenschule of Saint-Afra at Meissen, one of three schools which the Elector Maurice of Saxony had founded with the funds of the suppressed convents. This school was celebrated as a centre of rising theologians and writers, and preserved something conventual in its organization. Lessing finished his studies at the University of Leipzig, which was already one of the most important cities of Germany, and a sort of capital (Goethe calls it a little Paris, in the tavern scene in "Faust"). Leipzig had a good theatre, where the young student spent much of his time, so much that his father became alarmed, and justly so, as Lessing had lent money to some of the actors and become enamoured of a young actress. He consented to go to Wittenberg, the cradle of Luther's Reformation, which had then a university, but there he became ill, and, feeling that he could not remain in such a dead place, he started one day for Berlin, leaving all his books and clothes behind him.

He was only nineteen years old, he had not taken any academic degree, his studies were incomplete, he had no private means; still, he confided in his own energy; he was determined to be neither a theologian, nor a doctor, nor a professor, nor a functionary—any kind of official servitude was repugnant to him. His poor father sent him a little money to buy new clothes, and he was so fortunate as to be introduced by one of his former professors to one of the principal booksellers of Berlin, Rüdiger, who edited the most important newspaper in Prussia, the *Berlinische Privilegierte Staats- und Gelehrter-Zeitung*. He wrote for the paper and made translations from French and Spanish authors. He began at the same time some comedies. He left Berlin for a short space to return to Wittenberg, but only in order to obtain his degree of *Magister Artium*, whereupon he immediately went back to Berlin, which became for about twenty years the centre of his activity. This period, which was interrupted by a sojourn of some duration in Leipzig, was characterized by the publication of the 'Letters on Recent Literature.' I cite this capital work as representative of this first period, as it would be almost impossible to analyze all the writings of that Berlinian phase of Lessing's development. These "Briefe die neueste Litteratur betreffend" appeared from 1759 to 1765, and form twenty-three volumes. (There were collaborators, but Lessing's part is predominant.) They were supposed to be written to an officer of the Prussian army, wounded at the battle of Zorndorf (August 25, 1758), by a friend who wished to divert him:

"These letters," says M. Grucker, "modestly profess merely to pronounce judgment in all liberty and frankness on the literary productions of the period of the Seven Years' War. But, in connection with works which are judged, the author lets us perceive the ideas and principles which guide him; we see a new spirit, a new form of literary criticism. We are not so much interested by the object as by the manner of the judgment. The critic becomes more important than the writers criticised. We are struck by the independence of thought, the disinterested and (so to speak) impersonal manner."

Lessing says of himself: "What I have to say to people I say to their faces, even if they split with rage (*von Zorn bersten*)." Was it because Lessing was found too trenchant, too unyielding, that he left Berlin for Breslau and accepted there the modest post of secretary of the Prussian Government under Gen. von Tauenzien, who was commander-in-chief of the town? We do not know for a certainty what his reasons were; but he was naturally fond of a change; he liked new faces, new people, and at Breslau he was in an entirely new scene, in a camp, at the most critical moment of a long war. His administrative correspondence took half of his time; the other half was reserved for his literary work. In his new life, among the officers who had become his companions, he found time to collect the materials not only for his "Minna von Barnhelm" (the first truly original German play, says M. Grucker, which was to deliver the national stage from too servile imitation of the foreign stage), but also of the famous 'Laokoon,' in which he fixed the domain of poetry, its limits, its laws, and its rights. At Breslau we see him, after an evening spent in passionately playing cards, reading Spinoza and the fathers of the primitive church. The 'Laokoon' is still considered as a standard work in Germany. Hugo Blümner published in 1880 at Berlin a volume on it in which he gave a sort of commentary on the æsthetic, historical, bibliographical questions capable of throwing light on all parts of the work. Lessing gave in the 'Laokoon' his views and theories not only on poetry, but on the plastic arts; he explained the differences which distinguish them, and traced the limits which separate them. The 'Laokoon' is the first systematic treaty on what we call to-day æsthetics.

Lessing was incessantly tormented by the need of money. He had hoped for a moment to be appointed librarian to the King. The place had been offered first to Winckelmann, who was then in Rome; but he asked for a very large salary, and besides he did not like to leave Rome. Frederick did not choose Lessing, partly because he was determined to have a Frenchman, and partly because he remembered Lessing's quarrels with Voltaire. Lessing was invited to help in the creation of a new theatre in Hamburg. He writes to a friend (quoting Juvenal):

"Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio."

He became the literary adviser, the official critic of the new theatre, with a salary of 3,200 marks, an important sum at the time. Of all the cities of Germany, Hamburg was the best chosen for the establishment of a national and permanent theatre. Lessing always had a predilection for the theatrical art; he sketched an enormous number of plays and finished a few. This period of his life is chiefly marked by the production of "Minna von Barnhelm" and of "Emilia Galotti," and by the publication of the 'Dramaturgie,' his capital work as a dramatic critic.

The 'Dramaturgie' has not the form, the dogmatic tone of a treatise of dramatic æsthetics. It is polemical, sometimes humorous, always unconstrained and capricious. At the same time, it must not be compared with our modern analysis of new plays. Lessing rises constantly above the works of which he is giving an account; they are to him a mere theme, and he makes long digressions on points of history or of erudition. Lessing was not an ordinary theatrical reporter, he had too philosophical a mind, and the more he advances in his 'Dramaturgie' the more he shows his growing contempt for the drama of the day and for the *dramatis personæ*. He is writing, in fact, for posterity more than for his contemporaries; and posterity has found in his 'Dramaturgie' the elements of a dramatic school. Posterity has not agreed with all his judgments; we do not admire the plays of Diderot as Lessing did; we place Corneille higher than he did; but we share his admiration for Shakspere, and we all feel like him towards Voltaire as a dramatist. "Emilia Galotti" is the example after the precept. It is a tragedy such as Lessing wishes it to be, a model tragedy; different from the French tragedy, as well as from the more modern drama. The subject is the story of the Roman Virginia transported to a vague Italian principality, which might as well be a German principality.

Lessing's nature was eminently elastic and ubiquitous; the theatrical critic and the playwright had not quite killed in him the theologian; the list of his theological writings is long. In 1769, tired of the theatre at Hamburg, and always in money difficulties, he accepted the post of librarian of the Ducal Library of Wolfenbüttel. The hereditary prince of the Duchy of Brunswick, nephew of the great Frederick, had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War; he was fond of art and of literature. In 1771 we find Lessing at his post. His life at Wolfenbüttel, we may easily conceive, was very dull. "Ich verträume mein Leben," he wrote to a friend. He had become ill; he found his only solace in his literary work. In October, 1776, he married Madame Eva König, his old friend, "a distinguished mind and a stout heart," says M. Grucker, "with a very practical sense, loving without sentimentality; quite the woman he needed, and worthy to associate her life with his." Twelve months afterwards they had a child, who died in twenty-four hours, and a fortnight afterwards the poor mother died also. It is no wonder if, in this dark end of his life at Wolfenbüttel, Lessing devoted himself more to religious and theological preoccupations. His latter years were occupied with philosophical works and with great theological discussions. On the 3d of February, 1781, he was stricken with apoplexy at Bruns-

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wick. He died on February 15, at the age of fifty-two years.

Correspondence.

THE PRESENT COTTON CROP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The cotton year begins at about the time the cotton is ready to be picked. Instead of starting in January, it begins September 1. The present cotton crop has been gathered, and is now out of the growers' hands; therefore its effect on the locality where it was grown can be estimated.

For twenty-five years or more the planter's method of raising cotton has been to buy on credit everything he used, and devote all his energies to the crop alone. So successful has he been that in recent years he has made cotton greatly in excess of the world's wants. The price has fallen accordingly. The last crop-year saw cotton selling on the plantation at 4½ cents—a price below the cost of production. Those who still continued to grow cotton did so with a view to selling it the next year at five cents. Only those could plant at this figure for a profit who made at home everything they used. With them cotton was to be a surplus crop. If it brought nothing, they would not starve. Cotton is the best surplus crop to grow. It is not perishable as are fruits and vegetables. The planter can take it to his nearest town and sell it immediately for its market value. He does not, as in the case of vegetables, have to ship and await the returns from the market with the usual discounts deducted on the account sales for decay. As a result of the method necessary for growing the present crop, there has been a shortage in the number of bales amounting to about 33⅓ per cent. compared with the previous year.

The business of the country stores has been on the wane for three years. Only a minimum amount of dry goods, clothing, boots, and shoes has been sold; what business there was, being principally in staple groceries. Many people, especially the negroes, were nearly naked and bare-footed. "Free silver" was discussed in the shade of fence corners while in the field. The value of cotton, it was decided, depended not so much on supply and demand as on the price of silver. "Silver and cotton were wedded" and went hand in hand in price. Cotton opened up the season at eight cents, a figure nearly twice as large as the grower expected to realize. The people had done little "trading" for three years. With their first cotton money, they swarmed to the country stores like a consuming cloud of locusts. They swept the counters clean. The wholesale houses of the cities worked day and night and yet fell many days behind their orders. Business held its extraordinary proportions until late in November, when it fell off, although still remaining very large. "Free silver," instead of being the absorbing topic, almost entirely vanished. The deposits of the country banks doubled and often trebled. Rents rose and lands increased in value.

Many people fear the South will go back to the old system of "all cotton," and that the immediate benefits caused by the low price of cotton, viz., diversification of crops and growing home supplies, will be forgotten. The large sales of mules and agricultural implements, and the renting of lands that have been lying out, strengthen the opinion that a very large cotton acreage is to be planted. Others believe, and I think rightly, that the "all cotton" system is gone for ever. These persons hold that the very large sales of mules were caused by the fact that, during the past three years, an enormous number of liens have been foreclosed on mules. Now is the first time the people have had the money to replace them, and this they have done. As to agricultural implements, every one for at least three years has, as far as possible, abstained from purchasing them. As a consequence, all have come in the market to buy together.

In expectation of the planting of an enormous crop, the price has declined sharply. This will help to reduce the acreage. The South, however, because of abundant home-grown meat, meal, and molasses, is able to make an extraordinarily cheap crop. The American Cotton Growers' Protective Association is a powerful agency against the return to the "all cotton" system. In their recent convention at Memphis, the central idea was, "Let the people plant all the cotton they will; but also let them grow the supplies at home to do it. Let cotton be a surplus crop." There can be no more philosophical or effective way than this for reducing the cotton crop. The planters are imbued with the idea of cotton as a surplus crop. This will make cotton growing profitable, almost irrespective of price.

The South's future was never so bright. Never has there been so much "home money" seeking investment. The outlet is obviously in manufacturing—to take advantage of the South's cheapness of effective labor, her cheap fuel and raw material, and of their nearness to each other. W. Collier Estes.

Memphis, Tenn., February 20, 1896.

LORD LEIGHTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Chicago *Tribune* of February 16 contains a paragraph suggesting that "the late Lord Leighton must have been very extravagant" to have left so little of this world's goods "when we consider the vast sums he must have received for his works." Firstly, I doubt if Leighton ever received "vast sums" for his works. Those halcyon days are limited to the Athenian, not to the nineteenth-century, period of art. Secondly, it is due to the memory of Leighton, and upon the authority of a life-long friend, to state that more than half of his annual income was devoted to his less prosperous brethren in art. No artist ever appealed in vain to Lord Leighton for aid. Well do I remember that, so long ago as 1853, when Leighton was making his studies in Rome for his picture of Cimabue and Giotto, and before fortune had in any way smiled upon him, his name was synonymous with helpfulness and kindness to those less fortunate than himself. And so it was to the end. It was enough for Leighton to know that others were in greater want than himself—and his purse was theirs; and it was this ever-kindliness and generosity of heart—this first quality—which endeared him to his friends, and which excited their admiration far more than even his most brilliant achievements. Harriet G. Hosmer.

Chicago, February 25, 1896.

A TRANSATLANTIC PLAGIARIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A bold case of plagiarism has come under my notice, which demands public censure. There has lately appeared 'A Handbook of the Drama, its Philosophy and Teaching,' by P. J. Cooke, Lecturer in Elocution and the Drama to the Battersea Polytechnic, the London College of Music, Science, and Art, Highbury Institute, etc., etc. In the preface the "author" makes a general acknowledgment to the work of his American predecessor, Mr. Hennequin's 'Art of Playwriting,' published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the following words: "The author is indebted for much valuable information contained in 'Hennequin's Playwriting,' and other works of a similar nature, which he now comprehensively acknowledges." Another reference to Hennequin is contained in the index: "Hennequin, his definition of a play, p. 119," and on the latter, or rather on p. 120, the only reference reads: "In the broader sense, according to Hennequin, a play is . . . ."

What is our surprise to discover that all the matter from page 117–131 is bodily stolen from Mr. Hennequin's work, with here and there the addition of a word. The last sentence is characteristic:

Hennequin.	Cooke.
Others, and by far the greatest number, must be absolutely reconstructed, the characters altered and re-named, the minor incidents *invented* anew, the whole play denationalized and worked over on the *American* plan.	Others, and by far the greatest number, must be absolutely reconstructed, the characters altered and re-named, the minor incidents *created* anew, the whole play denationalised and worked over on the *British* plan.

Thus, with the exception of a page and a half, the whole of the chapter on "Playwriting" is bodily taken from Hennequin. It would not at all surprise us to discover that even the rest of the book has been similarly pilfered, for does not the author make the same "comprehensive acknowledgment" to unnamed authors as to Hennequin? And to this dishonest compilation the "author" had the courage to prefix his photograph, that we might the better know him, and he had the further courage to dedicate it to Sir Henry Irving. Leo Wiener.

New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, February 25, 1896.

THE COLLEGE TERM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Does not President Eliot's latest annual report suggest a possible solution of a problem which is at present furnishing much trouble to the Harvard Faculty? It appears there (page 271) that the average age of the students entering the freshman class in 1865 was about 18¼ years, while in 1895 it was only 18¾, with a marked decreasing tendency during the last eight years—and this in spite of very much increased requirements for admission since 1865.

This showing is evidently brought about by better work on the part of schools. But, according to competent critics such as Prof. Goodwin, our American schools do not now accomplish anything like what foreign schools of the same nominal rank do. Cannot, then, better schools make it possible for a student to be prepared for college at an earlier age than at present, or to be admitted to advanced standing, and thus take an uncheapened bachelor's degree seasonably enough not to entrench upon the time that should be devoted to purely professional study? Even at present, under favorable circumstances, a student may be ready to begin the practice of a profession at from twenty-three to twenty-five. That, surely, is

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as young as the public cares to have its doctors and lawyers. G. W. LATHAM.

AUBURN, N. Y., February 29, 1896.

"CARRY," AS A NOUN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I happen just now to be working upon the MSS. of one Alexander Henry, Jr., a fur-trader of the N. W. Co., whose journal extends from 1799 to 1814. *Portage* and its equivalents occur so incessantly in this narrative that I am sometimes put to it for synonyms to vary the monotony of these locutions. The same will be found the case with all the narratives of voyaging on the old trade routes in British America, where the highways were invariably waterways, usually with repeated interruptions to canoe navigation. I think it most probable that *portage*, as a French word for any place where the canoe and its load had to be taken out of the water, and for the act of such land-transportation, was used by the voyageurs from the very beginning of finding the obstructions and doing the thing; and that it passed into English unchanged as soon as it fell upon English ears. Also, that it could not have been long before *carrying-place* suggested itself spontaneously as an English translation of the word. *Carrying-place* soon appeared as a phrase, *Carrying Place*, capitalized as a locative geographical term. It was so common as to be often abbreviated C. P. in itineraries; C. P. being of frequent occurrence, for example, in the inedited MSS. of David Thompson, before and after 1799. *Carry*, verb, translated *portager* from the start; and *carry*, noun, would be likely to assert itself immediately, for both the place and the act. The 'Century Dictionary' rightly gives *carry*, n., for the place and for the act, without remark; but enters no *carrying-place*. I have not hesitated to use also *carriage*, for the act.

Those old voyageurs had a full French vocabulary of their business, and all the terms got English translations in their special senses, in the H. B. Co., N. W. Co., X. Y. Co., and other associations of fur-traders. One of the most special is *discharge*, from F. *décharge*, as distinguished from *carry=portage*. The *discharge* was a carry where only a part of the freight had to be unloaded, the rest of the cargo and the canoe being floated through; also, the act of so doing was a *discharge*. If the thus lightened canoe had to be let down rapids with a rope, it was said to be *handed down;* to pull it up with a rope was to *track*—what we call *cordelling*, out West, though I do not think I have found *to cordel* among the writers in English who were so closely associated with the French voyageurs. Those people went so constantly by water that they had a number of terms we consider applicable only to land-travel. Thus, they *marched* when they paddled their canoes, and extra good time was made *at a trot*. But I have occupied too much space already for some samples of a curious vocabulary which could be displayed to advantage only in several columns of the *Nation*.

ELLIOTT COUES.

WASHINGTON, February 27, 1896.

"HIRED MEN AND WOMEN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To inquire into the origin and use of the terms "hired girls" and "hired men" seems to me like inquiring into the origin of the English language! As soon as men and women are "hired," of course the term would be used. It can be found in old wills, contracts, and in the early town and church records of Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. I have found it in old family letters and the earliest almanacs, and considered it so inevitable that I should not remember it if it were not associated with some misdemeanor. From the earliest times, there were "apprentices" and "hired men," and later, "slaves."

I cannot here quote papers, but I remember that Harlakenden Symonds of Ipswich, son of the Deputy Governor of Massachusetts, born, I think, in 1623 (who was once up before the authorities for some such heinous offence as driving his "ox or his ass" to pasture on Sunday), made use in a letter elsewhere quoted of the phrase "hired man" in connection with that event. There were "hired men" and "hired women" on my grandfather's farm in Kensington, N. H., long before the Revolution, and probably would be to-day if men could be "hired" on any terms to go into a "far country." CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1896.

Notes.

THE Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, have in press the fourth volume of 'Sketches of War History, 1861-65,' edited by W. H. Chamberlin for the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion; and 'Queen Móo and the Egyptian Sphinx,' by Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon.

The Levytype Co., Philadelphia, will publish this month 'Cuba and the Cubans,' translated by Laura Guiteras from the eighth edition of Raimundo Cabrera's 'Cuba y sus Jueces,' with numerous illustrations and a map of the island.

A. Blanck, No. 4 West Twenty-eighth Street, will publish immediately 'Sarah Bernhardt, Artist and Woman,' by A. L. Renner, with numerous illustrations.

A volume of Verses by Miss Mary Wright Plummer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is on the point of being issued in an edition of 300 copies by Messrs. Paul Lemperly, F. A. Hilliard, and Frank E. Hopkins—associates as widely separated in residence as Cleveland and New York. Orders may be sent to Mr. Hopkins at the De Vinne Press, 12 Lafayette Place, where the volume will be manufactured.

Among the attractive serial reprints we note the progress of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," edited by George Saintsbury, with two volumes, 'Ursule Mirouët' and 'The Quest of the Absolute' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan); the "Temple Shakspere," with 'Coriolanus' and 'Troilus and Cressida' (same publishers); and Kingsley's stories, with 'Water Babies' (Macmillan).

After an interval of seven years, Drs. Lindley and Widney have prepared a renovated (third) edition of their 'California of the South' (Appletons). In this period the lower part of the State has undergone great changes, with marked progress, in spite of "booms" that collapsed. Los Angeles, for example, has increased its population from 50,000 to 80,000, equal to that of Boston sixty years ago. New settlements have sprung up demanding recognition for the sake of tourist, invalid, and investor. In every way, in short, the old information needed to be corrected and supplemented, and this has been done by rewriting and not by simple patching of stereotype plates.

With much labor and accurate historical investigation, Mr. William S. Appleton of Boston has recovered the names of the 848 Senators in the first fifty Congresses, and conveniently displayed them in folded tables entitled 'A Century of the Senate of the United States' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; New York: Putnams). It appears that the first half-century is a closed book, as no Senator of that period is now living, or indeed of the next decade, except that three Senators of the Thirtieth Congress survive; and these with four others are the only ones who sat in the Senate before March 4, 1861. Benton's term of fifteen Congresses has not been equalled. The great majority of the names are now quite forgotten, and this tradition is notoriously in a fair way to be maintained. Ten Senators and one Senator-elect (Garfield) were also Presidents; fourteen were Presidents *in petto* and defeated candidates. The end of each term is marked by a star, and deaths, resignations, expulsions, and unseatings are also indicated. If each State had received a number to be repeated in each column, reference would have been greatly facilitated; and we are even so unreasonable as to wish that the blank space in the chart had been employed for an alphabetical list of the 848, with full name and with State affixed.

The 'Catalogue of the Fossil Fishes in the British Museum (Natural History), Part III.,' by Arthur Smith Woodward, F.G.S., F.Z.S., is one of the most important scientific publications of the year just elapsed. It is indispensable to all palæontologists or geologists who have to do with the fossils of these vertebrates. It includes the Actinopterygian Teleostomi of the orders Chondrostei (concluded), Protospondyli, Aetheospondyli, and Isospondyli (in part). According to the preface, it carries us through the great series of the Actinopterygian Fishes of the Chondrostean type, and completes the Catalogue to the end of the Jurassic series, including also some of the later survivors of these older forms. In approximation to the natural order, it traces the phases of development and the variations of these Mesozoic fishes at the time of their dominance, and as they were gradually replaced in the Cretaceous by advances toward modern teleostean types. The work is not merely a catalogue; it contains a great amount of important new matter, resulting from the author's researches during the four years that have passed since the appearance of Part II. Besides those in the plates there are numerous illustrations in the text. The book is of the class that does most to render science available, and the many students whose labors are lightened by its aid will rejoice at its author's success.

The Annual Report of the New York Forest Commission for the year 1894, just published, is well calculated to win sympathy and encouragement for the Commission under its new title. It is a volume of 263 pages and about 25 plates, with shapes and growths of trees, logging processes, forest scenes, camps in the woods, etc. Altogether it forms a valuable treatise on forestry. Besides pointing out the best directions for efforts in preservation of the forests, it indicates the most judicious methods of treatment for purposes of income. In connection with reports on the destruction by fires in the State, the needs of legislative precautions are vividly brought forward by means of accounts of the terrible effects of the fires in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and elsewhere during the latter part of 1894, by which so many lives were lost and such a vast amount of property blotted out of existence. The laws relating to matters in the province of the Commission are included. On April 25,

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1895, this Commission was consolidated with the Fish and Game Commission under the present name, Fisheries, Game, and Forest Commission.

The sixteenth annual report of the U. S. Geological Survey for 1894-'95, Part III. 'Mineral Resources of the United States; Metallic Products' (David T. Day, geologist in charge), has for its object to show the use made of the mineral deposits of the United States, and particularly the amount of each useful mineral produced and its value. It also summarizes the additions made to the known mineral deposits of the United States. As is shown by the titles of the various papers, not only have the resources of this country been considered, but much valuable information has been collected from other countries, by which interesting comparisons can be made. The different papers have been prepared by specialists of recognized standing in their respective fields, and, in connection with the statistics, form a valuable addition to our mining literature. Full bibliographies accompany several of the papers. In accordance with a recent act of Congress, the former nominal charge for this report is no longer made. The edition is now distributed to such as may desire copies through the Senators and Representatives in Congress.

The eighth part of Mr. William C. Harris's 'Fishes of North America' (New York: The Harris Publishing Co.) continues its description of the sucker tribe, with the aid of ten illustrations in the text. The large plates, colored from life, which accompany each part, are in this instance the Bluefish and the Long-mouthed Black Bass. The editor has a good word for the gamey qualities of some at least of the suckers.

When all is said and done, nothing could have justified the recent sensitiveness of this country regarding the confines of Venezuela but a thorough knowledge of and lively interest in the facts of the case. It is not too late now for Senators and Representatives to cram with a view to a show of knowledge whenever what remains of the dispute comes before them; nevertheless we do not expect to see them pester their librarian, Mr. Spofford, with calls for books, charts, or magazine articles. That another portion of the public may like (or ought to wish) to be instructed, was evidently the thought of Mr. William E. Foster, head of the Public Library of Providence, R. I., when he devoted the 26th reference list of his Monthly Bulletin (January, 1896) to "Venezuela and its Boundaries." Nine pages are thus occupied, with copious annotations, and one finds itemized not only the ill-starred Address of the English men of letters, Mr. Watson's cabled verse to the "towering daughter, Titan of the West," but also the origin of the term Jingo, in "the song sung in [London] music-halls by McDermott"—"We don't want to fight," etc.

Mr. James Means's *Aeronautical Annual* for 1896 (Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.), "devoted to the advancement of the neglected science," contains a large amount of interesting matter well illustrated, beginning with that persevering and progressive man flyer, Otto Lilienthal, who describes and pictures his own aims and achievements in mid-air. Mr. Maxim too is heard from again respecting his machine, and records incidentally some very interesting and original observations on the flight of birds as well as on the movement of the atmosphere. Kite-flying is another leading topic of the *Annual*.

The Calendar of the Imperial University of Japan in Tokyo for 1894-'95 shows depth and strength in the older faculties and departments and bright promise in those that are newer. In December, 1894, there were 1,468 students in the various colleges of Law, Medicine, Engineering, Literature, Science, and Agriculture. Taking the year 1878 as that in which the previously existing school reached the grade of a European university, we find that 781 graduates in full course (not counting 152 deceased persons) have gone into active life well prepared for varied usefulness. The evident thoroughness of the curricula in the newer departments of science and agriculture, and the happy combination of the theoretical and practical, are striking facts in the higher education as here given. The eighteen pages which set forth the titles and contents of scientific monographs, mostly by native authors and investigators, are also very suggestive. Almost every department of human knowledge, with its appropriate apparatus of books, instruments, laboratories, and observing stations, is organized in this Teikoku Daigaku (Imperial University of Japan). To study this modest pamphlet in the perspective of the past quarter of a century is to understand largely the secret of Japan's life and power on the threshold of the year 1896.

The question of university reform in France, and more especially of the substitution of a certificate of maturity for the bachelor's degree, is discussed with great warmth by M. F. Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 1. This threatened innovation would, in the writer's opinion, be a serious blow to the free (*i. e.*, non-state) secondary schools, in which he sees, in the present juncture, the "last bulwark" of classical studies. The complete equivalence of "modern" and of classical instruction would be a further consequence, much to be dreaded on account of the "gross utilitarianism" of the former. This writer also argues strongly in favor of a more heterogeneous membership of the Superior Council of Public Instruction.

The latest step in the liberalization of British educational institutions is the decision of the authorities of the Royal Irish University to throw open the scholarships and prizes at Belfast, Cork, and Galway to students of both sexes. A recent M.A. graduate (with honors in political economy) of this Irish University, Miss Rita Oldham, has been awarded the Joseph Hume scholarship of £60 at University College, London; this scholarship is open to students of either sex who have attended for at least one session the lectures on political economy.

In answer to an inquiry made by the Italian Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce as to the necessary expenses incurred by students of law and medicine in the University of Berlin, the *Akademische Revue* publishes the following statements derived from official sources. The cost of matriculation is 18 marks; examination fees in the medical faculty are 242 marks; promotion or graduation fees in the law faculty 355, and in the medical faculty 440 marks; for courses of lectures obligatory in order to pass the "Staatsexamen" and thus be admitted to practice or to hold office under the Government—in the law faculty 400 to 500, and in the medical faculty 900 to 1,200 marks; for printing doctor's dissertation, 150 marks; for the books of a law student 300, of a medical student, including instruments, at least 500 marks. These items would make the expenses of a law student, for fees of all kinds, in round numbers, 1,300 marks, while those of a medical student would be about twice as much. In Erlangen and Giessen they are estimated respectively at 1,200 and 1,300 marks for a law student, and at 2,200 and 2,500 marks for a medical student, and this is probably the average for other German universities. To this amount must be added the cost of food, lodging, and clothing, making a total of 5,000 marks for a law student during a course of four years, and 7,600 to 8,000 marks for a medical student during a course of four and a half years. The entire expenses of a student of civil engineering during a course of four years are about 6,000 marks; those of a student in the philosophical faculty during a three years' course of study are considerably less. Indigent young men are exempted from fees by presenting a proper certificate from the authorities of their native place, and in some cases are even furnished with a "Freitisch," or free dinner.

At the beginning of the present year there were 16,606 students at the Russian universities, divided as follows: Moscow 3,888, St. Petersburg 2,625, Kiev 2,244, Helsingfors (Finland) 1,875, Dorpat 1,654, Warsaw 1,335, Kharkov 1,200, Kazan 825, Odessa 555, and Tomsk 405.

Hermann Sudermann, whose novels have been found by some to be rather uninteresting reading, but who has some force and vigor as a writer of plays, has just begun a series of little dramas, in one act, in which he proposes to study "how men behave some hours before going to certain death." He has just read some scenes from the first of these dramas at a meeting of representatives of the Berlin press. From a sketch of the play given in the *Tageblatt* one receives an impression which at this distance is less than overwhelming The play does not come to any real conclusion, nor does it seem to treat with thoroughness the problem which the writer set for himself. But the journalists to whom it was read appear to have been satisfied, and they applauded the reader vigorously.

Lemcke & Buechner send us the first number (for January, 1896) of the *Centralblatt für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*; the editor being Dr. G. Buschan, and the German publisher Max Müller at Breslau. It is another of the numerous publications designed to keep specialists in touch with what is being done in their lines, through bibliography and reviews embracing the products of all languages. Each number will also contain a short original contribution. There are 112 signed notices, or *précis*, in this number. These are followed by two reports of anthropological meetings and conventions, a list of lectures announced to be delivered in the high schools of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, and a *Chronik*.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for February contains an account of the towns of northern Mongolia by Dr. A. Markoff, who was attached to one of those "commercial expeditions which are often dispatched by rich Russian merchants to inquire into the markets of Asia." His forecasts of the future of the trade between this region and Russia are not very encouraging, as Japan, "whose aim is to destroy the foreign trade," is seriously threatening its existence. In view of the danger to "European trade and Christian principles," an alliance is earnestly advocated between Great Britain and Russia—the greatest naval and the greatest military Power—an alliance which would also be "the surest guarantee of European peace." There is also in this number a useful map of the boundary lines of British Guiana.

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—Although *Scribner's Magazine* for the current month is by no means a bad number to kill time with, there is—barring discussion of the instalment of Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy"—little or nothing in it to detain attention or call forth serious comment. Illustration and text are fairly well matched in value throughout, the balance inclining, perhaps, in favor of the former. Carnations, whether "firsts," "extras," or "fancies," or however prettily diversified their grouping, look uncommonly alike in process-pictures, even when these are printed in blue, and it needs an unusually lively interest in their growing and marketing to bear one out to the end of the space allotted them in the letter-press. "Florentine Villas" are, each in particular, a charming subject for either illustrator or writer to dilate upon, yet the chances are many to one that, if passed in summary review, their history or structural features, rather than their peculiar charm, will, as happens here, find a way into picture and page. H. C. Bunner's sketch of "The Lost Child" sets out with a promising flourish of circumstantiality and novelty, but wanes by degrees into a slightness which is not to be covered up by either the general readableness of the whole or a final, sentimentally arranged peep at suburban trampdom. Miss Mary Cassatt has been given the frontispiece for her "Child Picking Fruit," and William Walton for critic and commentator. For the profit of this number's contents to the reader, it is probably safe to select as foremost Miss Prideaux's bird's-eye view of "French Binders of To-day."

—The secretary of the New York Tenement-house Commission contributes to the *Century* an article on "Stamping out the London Slums" which, in view of the battle royal pending between the base and civilized elements in modern cities, is as interesting as it is instructive. Although Mr. Edward Marshall writes here of the work successfully undertaken by the London County Council in acquiring and rebuilding fifteen acres of plague-spot in the notorious parishes of Bethnal Green and Shoreditch, he is forced to point to the disastrous results which would flow from intrusting such a work to any of our own municipal corporations. His facts and figures, however, are strong appeals to the individual enterprise for which we are fortunately almost as conspicuous as for stupid blundering in our methods of city government. As a matter of business, and leaving out of consideration the saving in poor rates, in the cost of police and health boards, and the unfigurable saving in the morals of a community, sanitary tenements are shown to be a remunerative investment, even when, as in Bethnal Green, a park and generously wide, shaded streets are included in the provisions for outdoor life. In "A Personally Conducted Arrest in Constantinople" F. Hopkinson Smith deals attractively with mosques and Moslems, depicting several of the former in graceful drawings, and describing with humor some characteristics of the latter as he studied them in dragoman and police officer.

—Prof. Woodrow Wilson, besides a brief essay in the *Century* on "An Author's Choice of Company," supplies in *Harper's* an example of the way in which an author may, in his own words, "write himself back to his masters," since both vocabulary and phrasing, in the somewhat freely named paper "Colonel Washington," admit of little doubt what his own immediate choice of company has been while writing it. In this account of the incipient stages of the French war, the picturesqueness of the novelist so interfuses the precision of the historian that there is often small difficulty in imagining that a posthumous chapter of 'The Virginians,' rejected by George Warrington's literary executors as out of proportion to the rest of his narrative, has at length found its way into the omnivorous contemporary magazine. Except this paper, after subtracting the large proportion of serial matter, there is little of significance in the number. Owen Wister's story "Where Fancy was Bred," though laid in the region of which he has become the interpreter, lacks the stronger features of his delineation of the Western borderland of civilization; somewhat more force, although it is unpleasantly harsh in character, is to be found in the bleak story of "Jane Hubbs's Salvation," by Helen Huntington.

—In the *Atlantic*, John Fiske writes about the brave earliest beginnings of our national life, and Henry Childs Merwin about some of the unforeseen and unprepared-for complications that have arisen from the introduction into it of a single one of the several unassimilated alien elements of population. It is encouraging and stimulating to look with Mr. Fiske, in "A Seminary of Sedition," away from the sorrier aspects of to-day to the time when the last defenders of the London Company's rights in Virginia made their determined stand against King and Privy Council, losing their cause in the mother country, it is true, but passing it on to indomitable younger hands in the colony. Mr. Fiske's sympathetic portraiture of the men, Nicholas Ferrar and his colleagues, who played the last round in the match with King James, imparts to this fresh chapter of history from his pen the vividness of recent events. Mr. Merwin, far from appearing as the antagonist of the Irish, in "The Irish in American Life," does cordial justice to their vivacious Celtic qualities, and forecasts the probable advantages of these qualities in fusion with the more sober Anglo-Saxon basis of the nation. Nevertheless, his summing up on the political side is depressing reading. In this connection it is worth while to remark another of the instances, more and more frequently to be met with, where opportunities of observation in the Old World have produced a frank seceder from the ranks of self-congratulatory patriots who believe we have the best possible conditions of existence, in the best possible world. This time it is Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who, through force of contrast, is reminded by the excellence of the dustless, smooth, ribbon-like "French Roads" of the "indifference of a rich nation to its bestial mire," and of the "bottomless ways" through which we flounder in "open winter or wet summer."

—Those who are interested in the theory of Weismann will not fail to study with the attention that it deserves a paper by Prof. Minot, which appeared first in the *Biologisches Centralblatt*, and then in the *American Naturalist*, and has now been issued as a separate reprint. His theory (which is not here brought forward for the first time) is naturally suggested by the remarkable capacity for the regeneration of lost parts which is common among the lower animals, which exists in man, and which has lately been found to be a property also of unicellular organisms. It follows from this that every cell is furnished in some way with the pattern of the complete organism, and with the power, more or less complete, to reproduce that pattern when occasion arises. Inheritance is therefore not an isolated phenomenon, and the idea that a continuity of germ plasm is essential to its carrying out is a pure fiction, wholly unsupported by fact. It is not a special substance, but a special *condition* which any cell may come into, which is the basis of reproduction and regeneration; this condition may be recognized anatomically by the fact that the protoplasm present is small in amount relatively to the size of the nucleus, and also highly undifferentiated. Physiologically such cells are known by the fact that they multiply rapidly. But he who runs as he reads will not find it easy to see why Prof. Minot regards the continuity of the germ plasm as a conception "which we prize so highly" when it is in the hands of Nussbaum (p. 91), and which we should unhesitatingly reject when it is urged by Weismann, nor yet in what way the theory of "panplasm" is fundamentally different from Darwin's theory of pangenesis. The "pattern," which each cell carries with it, it cannot carry in its head; if it is there, there must be some physical substratum for it, and if so, why may it not be called a collection of gemmules? But these are points which no doubt Prof. Minot would very readily be able to make plain.

—Of recent German works descriptive of African exploration and colonization, three deserve special mention. In 'Nama und Damara' (Magdeburg: Baensch) Lieut. H. von François gives a full account of what is known as "German Southwest Africa," including geography, botany, zoölogy, climate, agricultural productions, domestic animals, moral character and intellectual capacity of the native tribes, their religious conceptions and cults, family and social life, political institutions, prevailing customs, and the influence of European civilization. The maps and illustrations are excellent and there is a good index. Oscar Lenz's 'Wanderungen in Afrika' (Vienna: Litterarische Gesellschaft) is a careful and condensed record of studies and experiences made by the author, now professor in the University of Prague, during extended travels in the dark continent. The first of these expeditions was undertaken in 1874 and the last some ten years ago. The most interesting and instructive chapter for manufacturers and merchants is that on "Geld und Waare in Afrika," while that on "Thierische Kleinarbeit in den Tropen" is a cleverly written and valuable contribution to the important subject discussed by Darwin in his dissertation on worms. There is an impartial and not altogether favorable chapter on missionaries, and another on the Congo State, for the edification and instruction of European colonial politicians. Finally, we have a stately volume, 'Adamana' (Berlin: Reimer), by Dr. Siegfried Passarge, who accompanied, as physician and scientist, the expedition organized and sent out by the "German Cameroon Committee" in 1893-94 and conducted by Von Uechtritz. Although the expedition was undertaken chiefly from political motives, for the purpose of enlarging the sphere of German influence in the countries bordering on Cameroon, the scientific results attained through the energy and ability of Dr. Passarge are alone sufficient to justify the difficult enterprise. The clear and comprehensive manner in which they are presented is also highly commendable. Besides several excellent maps and geological and ethnographical charts, the work contains

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twenty-one tables and nearly three hundred illustrations.

—A conspicuous feature of these recent records of African exploration is a more or less hostile attitude to missionary efforts, both Catholic and Protestant. Dr. Passarge is especially fierce in his denunciation of all attempts to diffuse among the negro tribes the Christian religion and even Christian civilization. The timely application of twenty-five lashes with the hippopotamus whip he deems a far better means of education and enlightenment than all the talk of missionaries about equality before God and brotherhood in Christ, which only serves to turn the head of the poor black and to make him an insolent and utterly useless individual. The spread of Islam, however, he regards as highly desirable, and thinks it should be encouraged by the European Powers as a mediating influence between negroes and whites, and an efficient aid to the maintenance of governmental authority. The republic of Liberia he characterizes as the "incredible abortion of philanthropic lunacy." In the German colonies the aborigines should have no opportunity of learning the German language, since this knowledge would bridge the gulf between rulers and subjects and undermine the supremacy of the former. Slavery, or rather serfdom (*Hörigkeit*), he declares to be the proper condition of the African, and that it ought not to be abolished. Slave hunting should be limited and controlled, unless such restraint should prove to be disadvantageous from an economical point of view. German capital is sent to Africa to be productive, and not to be squandered in humanitarian schemes. Dr. Passarge ridicules the German *Frauenvereine* on account of their lively interest in the welfare of their dark sisters. As the chief aim of these associations is to prevent the debauchery of native women by German officials, for which one of these gentlemen was recently tried and dismissed from the service, are we to infer that the author approves of such conduct? That a man of superior culture should in these days advocate such methods of dealing with the lower races is certainly a very strange and anachronistic phenomenon.

DEAN STANLEY'S LETTERS.

Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., between the years 1829 and 1881. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, author of 'The Life and Letters of Dean Stanley.' Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895. 8vo, pp. 454.

THE name of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was once great in the theological world of England, and to a strange degree terrible to the orthodox; but he has left little trace of his influence on thought. In truth, he was not a thinker. He was a Liberal, perhaps a rationalist, but he did not come to definite conclusions. As a religious philosopher he was more dubitative than even his illustrious yoke-fellow Jowett. He was not deep in research. He was not an accurate scholar. From want of accuracy his edition of the Epistles to the Corinthians was almost a failure. His Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age were saved from failure, not by their value as historical criticism, but by their power of awakening interest and by the graces of his style. His weakness as a scholar was seen when he entered the lists of controversy against a man like Pusey, truly learned, however irrational and narrow. Stanley's great gift, as was truly said, was his picturesque sensibility. In painting historic characters, scenes, and occasions, he might almost have looked in vain for his peer. Apart from his biography of Arnold, his best work is his 'Sinai and Palestine'; his next best is his work on the 'Eastern Church.' But in historical topography he was always excellent. If he influenced theology, it was not by his theological writings so much as by the humanizing realism with which he treated Scripture characters and events. In this way he may be said to have produced a considerable and lasting effect.

The best letters, accordingly, in this collection are descriptions of historical scenes or of memorable occasions in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, Constantinople, Athos, Scotland, Sweden, and Russia. The description of Carnac is particularly vivid and impressive. Full of interest are all the notes of travel in Palestine, with the topography of which Stanley was so familiar beforehand from his studies that he was able to guide his guides. Here, as in the 'Sinai and Palestine,' he is curiously uncritical, and devoutly traces the locality of events which science has long since consigned to the region of myths. If he was a rationalist in religion, in sacred topography he was none. He fully believes that he has identified the spot at which Abraham parted with Lot, and we almost expect to find that he has identified the pillar of salt. About the scene of Jacob's rest, Jacob's well, or the graves of the Patriarchs, he has no sceptical misgivings, and he stops short only at the graves of Seth and Noah. He is the Boswell of historical topography, and distances all competitors by his unique possession of gifts somewhat akin to those of the unapproachable biographer. He describes occasions not less vividly and sympathetically than scenes: witness his descriptions in this volume of the All Saints' service in the Sistine Chapel and the "Doseh," or festival of the nativity of Mahomet, at Cairo. Catholic and Mahometan specimens are equally welcome to his ecclesiastical and historical museum. Stanley it was who discovered Ammergau.

Not all the fleas and robbers of Asia Minor could deter the enthusiast from going to the theatre at Ephesus where the worshippers of Diana shouted against Paul. Not all the risks of a revolutionary crisis could deter him from making his way to Paris in 1848. In the outward signs of difference he was rather disappointed, though he saw tricolors and trees of liberty everywhere, Gardes Mobiles in their white blouses shouldering muskets which they seemed too young to bear, and the windows of the Tuileries occupied by patriots in red nightcaps under the glitter of royal chandeliers, as well as shot-marks and other traces of the conflict. Inquiring into opinion, he found much misgiving about the Republic and a general feeling that it would be transient. His hero was Lamartine—a weak hero, as events showed. He had interviews with Guizot, whom he found inclined, if events had not been so serious, to sit down and laugh over the follies of the people. Stanley remarks that a statesman had little chance of exercising influence over a people whose follies he did not share. Had he said "whose follies he did not affect to share," the remark would have been true.

Arnold, of course, appears. His influence over Stanley never ceased even after his death. Those who heard Arnold's inaugural lecture at Oxford can witness to the truth of the following:

"Imagine that beautiful building [the Sheldonian Theatre] with the whole of the area and the whole of the lower gallery completely filled; the Vice-Chancellor in state; the Professor himself distinguished from the rest by his full red doctorial robes. It was certainly one of the most glorious days of my life. To listen once more to that clear, manly voice in the relation of a pupil to a teacher, to feel that one of the most important professorships was filled by a man with genius and energy capable of discharging its duties, to see him standing in his proper place at last and receiving the homage of the assembled university, was most striking and most touching. The lecture lasted just an hour. It was listened to with the deepest attention, and began and closed with a burst of general applause. I will not describe it because it is to be printed; but every one seemed perfectly satisfied. The most cautious man in Oxford was heard to break into an enthusiastic declaration that the two ideas which the sight of Arnold always, and especially on that day, suggested, were the ideas of truth and power."

To feel the full force of this we must remember that Arnold's name was the bugbear of High Church Oxford, so that the impressiveness of the homage was doubled by its being an involuntary tribute to a hero. A true Christian hero Arnold was, in his death as through his life. The account in this volume of his death is very touching. He died of *angina pectoris* in great pain. "Mary," he said to his wife, "I feel that God has been very good in sending me this chastisement. I felt such a rush of love towards God for the last two or three days." There is something in Arnold's deathbed which recalls, though remotely, the deathbed of Cromwell.

A very curious passage in Stanley's life is his intercourse with Jenny Lind, his adoration for whom seems to have gone the utmost length of purely Platonic love. This was the more remarkable, as her singing made no impression on him, he being, like Johnson, devoid of an ear for music. "Jenny Lind's arrival at Norwich," he says, "made a sensation not inferior to that made by the arrival of the Queen at Cambridge. But it was nothing compared with Jenny herself."

"However, all this, interesting as it was, was nothing compared with the interest of Jenny Lind herself. Her first appearance, except for its extreme simplicity and retiring bashfulness, is very plain and homely, much more so than you would suppose from the portraits of her. She was very much fatigued, and spoke but little at first, and was altogether so much occupied in preparing for the concert that the first day we saw but little of her. It was her appearance at the concert that first showed her extraordinary powers—I do not say of singing, for that produced no impression upon me—but of the fascination of her manner, of her attitude, of her curtseys, above all of her wonderful smile; and although this was all through most conspicuous in the animation of singing, yet it was to be seen more or less always when she became more familiar with us, and when we saw more of her. If I were to fix on the one epithet which characterizes her I should say it was *gifted*. Of course it is not often that one sees any one possessed with what is obviously a gift, and with all the circumstances of extreme delicacy and sensibility of organization corresponding; but it is still more rare to see any one possessed with such a perfect consciousness that it is a gift—not her own, but given her by God. Hence the deep conviction of responsibility, of duty of using it for the good of others; hence the great humility. Conceive a young girl having now for ten years lived in this whirlwind of enthusiasm and applause, and yet apparently not in the least spoiled by it, but always retiring to the lowest place, like a servant or a child. At the same time there were a dignity and resolution about her by which one could easily see at what an immeasurable distance all the evil

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would be kept which must be otherwise constantly in her way. 'C'est un don, pas un mérite'; and when my mother spoke to her, on the last day, of her hope that, after having now successfully overcome the difficulties of ten years, she was for the future safe, 'Par la grâce de Dieu,' she said, 'oui.'"

In the United States Stanley, notwithstanding some misgivings, had a good time, found the hotels not bad and the society pleasant. He met the notabilities, Winthrop, Phillips Brooks, Longfellow, Endicott, and others, and saw the historical places. He also studied American history for the first time in his life enough to be able to tell the meanings of Democrat and Republican. "Democrat," he informs his sister, "is Liberal, and Republican is Conservative; and, at the time of the war, Democrat was for slavery and Republican against it." He was particularly struck by some speeches which he heard at Salem, in which the political follies and corruptions of the United States were denounced with a vigor that he would have thought impossible, amidst a profound attention which seemed to him even more significant than the burst of enthusiasm. It is singular that the sight of the free-church system operating perfectly well in the United States should have had no effect in curing him of the inveterate establishmentarianism which he inherited from Arnold, though both of them were latitudinarians, and which he carried to the length of half-sympathizing with a persecuting establishmentarian like "bloody Mackenzie." In America he might have seen the churches living peacefully side by side, and even co-operating in good works, without the state control which he apparently believed to be indispensable not only to harmony but to order, though in his own country it was too plainly leading not only to unseemly litigation, but sometimes to indecent strife.

Stanley's Life having already appeared, Mr. Prothero and his coadjutors have judiciously given the greatest space in this volume to letters of general interest. Yet there is enough to recall to the minds of the few survivors of Stanley's circle his personal lovableness and social charms. If any one could have effectually poured oil on the waters of theological strife, Stanley would have done it; but the waves were running too high. In fact, his own indifference to dogmatic (if not to definite) conviction led him to underrate the value set upon it by others. Nor could he understand the natural alarm of Protestants at the attempt of Newman and his followers to convert a national establishment into an engine for restoring the dominion of the priest. At length he was himself, as a leading Liberal, inevitably drawn into the fray, in which he fought as hard as the rest, though always like a Christian and a gentleman.

Stanley's "Gipsies" is the best of all the Oxford prize poems, Heber's "Palestine" not excepted; but the specimens of his later poems included in this volume, while they show his grace and feeling, do not fulfil the early promise.

RECENT POETRY.

EMERSON once wrote to a youth who had daringly submitted some verses to him for the last volume of the *Dial*, "They have truth and earnestness, and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be commanded nor described." The perpetual conundrum, What constitutes a good poem or determines which poem should be called good? never came nearer solution than by this seemingly vague formula. The merit which constitutes it can neither be commanded nor described. Mr. Stedman may select well among his Victorian poets, or even criticise well; but when he gives a course of lectures to enunciate the positive laws of poetry, he succeeds no better than the rest. Even the laws of painting and sculpture are far less elusive. The much derided defence of the ignorant, "I know what pleases me," becomes, when sublimated, the essence of most of the criticism of the wise. "Toute discussion littéraire revient à ceci; j'ai plus de goût que vous." How can the critics be expected to agree about the poets when the poets do not agree among themselves? How can the critics assign their position when the poets cannot? Southey ranked his 'Madoc' with the 'Odyssey' and "Coriolanus," and thought that his poetry was to that of Wordsworth as turtle soup to "sparagrass with plain butter." Matthew Arnold, in his letters, assigns himself a place between Tennyson and Browning, with certain advantages over either. Even in his judgment of individual poems, the author's preference usually traverses that of the public or of the critics. Dr. Emerson tells us that his father was with difficulty induced to retain in his volume those fine early verses, "Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home"; and Whitman looked askance at his one poem which comes nearest to a classic, "O Captain! my Captain!" and did not like to be asked to copy it; it doubtless seemed to him too much of a concession to the ordinary laws of metre and rhythm.

All this is worth remembering in presence of a row of new volumes of verse, when we consider how much each meant to the author, and what a different thing it may represent to the reader. In William Watson's new volume, for instance, 'The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems' (Chicago: Stone & Kimball), American readers will note chiefly the courageous sonnet in which he called England to account for the forsaking of Armenia (p. 45)—a sonnet which lost him the laureateship, as an apocryphal rumor said, and thereby forfeited for him the honor of singing the glory of the Jameson raid. Yet the rest of the thin volume offers little to vindicate the early hopes which Watson created and which were enhanced perhaps by his period of illness; and the final Apologia shows a morbid consciousness rather than that simple joy of living which a chaste and healthy-minded young poet should feel.

A new English poet, C. W. Daimon, in his 'Song Favours' (London: John Lane; Chicago: Way & Williams), has a good deal of the flavor of his immediate sect, and also of that which belongs, ever welcome, to English country lanes. But he also has a stroke that must rather astonish Americans when, in celebrating young English poets, "The Sussex Muse" mentions Richard Realf, and thus curiously mistakes his position (p. 55):

> "Realf I loved too, and fondly hoped that he
> Would sing for me alone, and in my name
> Please all the world, but very soon he left
> My arms to go and seek another fame;
> Leaving me of my latest bard bereft.
> Still, he is dear to me.
> And I was proud, when in America,
> He struck for liberty with old John Brown,
> Fighting beside him when he took the town
> Of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia."

The peculiar inappropriateness of this appears to be that Richard Realf was not with Brown at Harper's Ferry.

The endless love of variety which marks Mr. Andrew Lang has now brought back to light one of the most utterly frightful books that ever appeared in print and then dropped out of it. 'The Death-Wake, or Lunacy, a Necromaunt in Three Chimeras,' by Thomas T. Stoddart (London: John Lane; Chicago: Way & Williams), was first printed in 1830, and is now reprinted as a tribute to a man who combined the merits of being a Scotchman, a man of genius, and an angler. The power of the book in its phrasing and cadences is perfectly undeniable. It is curious to note how prolific Scotland has been in men of genius *manqués*, each of them *imperii capax nisi imperâsset*, just falling short of the crown. Stoddart belonged to this class, as clearly as did the Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith of a later day; and Mr. Lang's critics would perhaps predict that another name might yet be added to the list. The story itself has, as the editor himself points out, "leprosies and lunacies" enough; and Professor Wilson rated it, on its first appearance, somewhere between "the weakest of Shelley and the strongest of Barry Cornwall," although the analogy to this last author is not clearly manifest. Those who were brought up on *Graham's Magazine* may remember this fearful poem as audaciously reprinted by Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, under his own name, in that magazine for January, 1842 (and following), with the title "Agathè, a Necromaunt"; the theft being discovered by Poe, who condemned it, while praising the poem, although it beat him in his own line of horrors.

Whatever may be said for good or evil about the various men whose poems emanate from the Bodley Head, there can be no doubt whatever about the high quality of the women. 'Vespertilia' (London and Chicago) offers no ballads of such extraordinary power as those printed in 'The Bird Bride' under the name of Graham R. Tomson—although "The Wrecker of Priest's Cove" comes near them; but the new book has the special quality which it shares with 'A Summer Night,' by the same author—that of making the London streets thoroughly and essentially poetical. This, for instance (p. 43):

NOCTURN.

> O the long, long street and the sweet
> Sense of the night, of the Spring!
> Lamps in a glittering string,
> Pointing a path for our feet.
>
> Pointing and beckoning—where?
> Far out of thought, out of view,
> Deep through the dusk and the dew:
> What but seems possible there!
>
> O the dark Spring night and the bright
> Glint of the lamps in the street!
> Strange is their summons, and sweet,
> O my beloved, to-night!

This lady inscribes her volume "to Alice Meynell"—formerly Alice Thompson—and the latter, also from the Bodley Head, issues a reprint of her remarkable early volume 'Preludes,' with some additions and subtractions, under the general name of 'Poems' (London: John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day). The two poems that drew especial attention to her on their earlier publication are both here. Rossetti pronounced her "Renunciation" to be one of the three most perfect sonnets ever written by a woman. It has, however, been quoted so often that we will cite by preference the beginning and end of what Mr. Ruskin called, with some exuberance, "that perfectly heavenly 'Letter of a Girl to Her Own Old Age'"—a conception so wholly imaginative and tender as to recall some of the verses of that unique and fascinating child of genius, the Ellen Hooper of the old Emersonian days—she who wrote "I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty." The English poem runs thus (placed with an appropriateness, perhaps accidental, on pp. 17-20):

A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER OWN OLD AGE.

> Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
> O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
> What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

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O mother, for the weight of years that break thee!
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveller, morn is gray in heaven.
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?
And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander
Is but a gray and silent world, but ponder
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

. . . . . .

Oh, hush: oh, hush! Thy tears my words are steeping.
Oh, hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of weeping?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy gray hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

'Fleet Street Eclogues,' by John Davidson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a reprint of a book first published two years ago; and it now comes to us in a form so simple and attractive externally, with such quiet distinction of paper, typography, and presswork, as instantly to suggest to the prejudiced mind a London origin, until a further glance reveals the imprint, now quite as trustworthy, of the University Press at Cambridge, Mass. The poetry itself has a more disappointing London flavor—that slipshod and whimsical handling now so common there. Yet the conception is good enough—a long series of conversations, on or before holidays, among a group of young journalists, some longing for the country, some bound relentlessly on toil. Here and there are charming bits of wayside landscape, like this (p. 107):

"*Brian*—Who has been out of London?
Basil—Once in June
Upstreams I went to hear the summer tune
The birds sing at Long Ditton in a vale
Sacred to him who wrote his own heart's tale.
Of singing birds that hollow is the haunt:
Never was such a place for singing in!
The valley overflows with song and chaunt,
And brimming echoes spill the pleasant din.
High in the oak trees where the fresh leaves sprout,
The blackbirds with their oboe voices make
The sweetest broken music all about
The beauty of the day for beauty's sake."

Then we slip into such sing-song as follows, which is at least interesting to Americans (p. 64):

"*Sandy*—And when the soul of England slept—
Basil—St. George for foolish England then!—
Sandy—Lo! Washington and Lincoln kept
America for Englishmen!
Basil—Hurrah! The English people reigns
Across the wide Atlantic flood!
It could not bind itself in chains!
For Yankee blood is English blood!"

Another admirable piece of typography from the Cambridge University Press is 'Esther, A Young Man's Tragedy: together with the Love Sonnets of Proteus,' by Wilfred Scawen Blunt (Boston: Copeland). There are no love-sonnets in the English language, since Shakspere—not even Rossetti's—finer, profounder, or of nobler cadence than some of these by Proteus, and they deserve their sumptuous setting. Whether they speak of longing, of happiness, or of remorse, such poems as those entitled "On a Lost Opportunity," "To One on her Waste of Time," "Sibylline Books," "Morte d'Arthur," and "What have I done? what gross impiety!" are entitled to this praise. It is to be regretted that they are prefaced by the sonnets called "Esther, A Young Man's Tragedy," which are on a distinctly inferior plane, though not without merit.

We cannot say so much for still another superb piece of bookmaking from this same press, 'Fringilla, or Tales in Verse,' by Richard Doddridge Blackmore, M.A. Oxon., with sundry decorative picturings by Will H. Bradley (Cleveland: Burrows Bros.). Mr. Bradley's long black-and-white women, although a shade less brutal in expression than Mr. Beardsley's, are not less ugly; and it will be a standing wonder, a few years hence, that such beautiful typography should have been thus disfigured. The letter-press of the book is a bit of whim, like the illustrations, the "tales in verse" being written as prose. It contains many pretty descriptions, but the mode of printing does nothing to enhance them, except in the few humorous ones at the end.

American critics are now disposed to take the view that, while habits and manners tend to assimilate in the different English-speaking countries, we must expect, at least for a time, "a continued divergence in our literatures." This was the phrase used by Mr. Warner, a dozen years ago, in an acute paper on England in the *Century* magazine, the opinion being based on the steady accumulation, on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, of a body of associations, traditions, and studies of nature which no Englishman who has not lived long in America can even comprehend. Other authors, as Lowell, Higginson, Howells, Scudder, and Matthews, have at different times committed themselves to similar statements. If we were asked by an Englishman to show him the latest American volume that illustrates this view, we should select without hesitation the 'Poems' of Ernest McGaffey (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It is not that the author writes—and writes well—of crow and meadow-lark instead of nightingale and skylark; it is not that he describes Indians and frontiersmen; but that there is a broad outlook as over prairies and sierras, a wideness, as between ocean and ocean, a vast inland flavor, unmistakable as the smell of the sea. The author's very name is new to us—there is no key to his dwelling-place except one poem which seems to place it in Missouri; the volume has some of the crudeness of a first book, but also of its frankness and freshness. Mr. McGaffey is free from the turgidness and imitativeness of Mr. Cawein, and from the self-conscious pose which is spoiling the fine promise of Mr. Garland; but he has the sense of American atmosphere and American life, and produces something indigenous and true. Moreover, what he writes is terse, and leaves a picture on the retina, as in this example (p. 244):

OVERLAND.

A treeless stretch of grassy plains,
Blue-bordered by the summer sky;
Where past our swaying, creaking stage,
The buffaloes go thundering by;
And antelope in scattered bands
Feed in the breezy prairie-lands.

Far down the west a speck appears,
That falls and rises, on and on,
An instant to the vision clear,
A moment more, and it is gone—
And then it dashes into sight,
Swift as an eagle's downward flight.

A ring of hoofs, a flying steed,
A shout—a face—a waving hand—
A flake of foam upon the grass
That melts—and then alone we stand,
As now a speck against the gray
The pony-rider fades away.

To this theory of diverging literatures Mr. Wallace Bruce would not be a convert. With a name of double-barrelled Scotch patriotism, combined with a Yale diploma of Bachelor of Arts and four years of residence in Edinburgh, he is surely that "star-spangled Scotchman" whom Mr. Black created out of another gentleman similarly situated. One of his poems was read at the Scotch-Irish celebration at Columbia, Tennessee; he addresses verses equally to Longfellow and Blackie, and strikes an average between the Hudson and the Tweed. His verse is not inspired, but is what may be called bi patriotic; and perhaps, after all, the function of such verse is as essential as that of genius. Mr. Charles Reekie, who was born in Scotland, is also pleasantly bi-patriotic in his 'Day Dreams' (New York: L. D. Robertson & Son).

It is due to Mr. Cawein to say that he has taken the very best way to remedy his own early defects by cultivating the habit of translation, and especially by dealing with German lyric poetry, as in his volume, 'The White Snake, and Other Poems,' translated in the original metres (Louisville: Morton). The title-poem fails to interest us, but the other translations show ability, and as the class of poetry with which he deals is usually simple and brief, it is a capital discipline. Yet we find still better translations from a wholly different source. Bishop Spalding of the Peoria (Ill.) diocese, whose prose work has long had more of the literary note than that of any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic in this country, has published 'Songs, chiefly from the German' (Chicago: McClurg). The poems are varied, and though he has had the indiscretion of publishing many new attempts at the old untranslatable Heine favorites, yet many are both new and good. Some are from Hugo, too; and there is shyly inserted at the very end this sonnet, apparently untranslated, and well worth quoting:

SUBLIME FOLLY.

Sublimest folly!—from their camps uprise
Two mighty armies, eager for the fray;
The drumbeat rolls, the brazen trumpets bray,
And guns and bayonets flash against the skies.

Now shall be shown on which side victory lies;
Swords gleam, the booming cannon hurl dismay,
The quick, sharp rifle-shots for death make way,
On high the bird of evil omen cries.

Men fall as in the field the full ripe grain
Where bending reapers swing the sickle's blade.
In ranks they fall, never to rise again—
But wherefore the dread holocaust thus made?
That past all doubt man may make this truth plain,
On honor, more than life, his heart is stayed.

In Messrs. Copeland & Day's new "Oaten Stop Series" the first volume is handicapped by a self-contradictory name. 'Dumb in June' is a bit of complaint that would be piquant enough for a verse or two, but becomes depressing when carried at the head of every other page through even a miniature volume; we feel at last that the poet has been dumb too garrulously. The poems themselves are meditative, sometimes arch, always neat, and occasionally graceful; under a more felicitous name they might even have a charm when collected. This is a good example (p. 29):

YESTERDAY.

My friend, he spoke of a woman face;
It puzzled me and I paused to think.
He told of her eyes and mouth, the trace
Of prayer on her brow, and quick as wink
I said: "Oh yes, but you wrong her years.
She's only a child, with faiths and fears
That childhood fit. I tell thee nay:
She was a girl just yesterday."

"The years are swift and sure, I trow"
(Quoth he). "You speak of the long ago."

Once I strolled in a garden spot
And every flower upraised a head
(So it seemed), for they, I wot,
Were mates of mine; each bloom and bed.
Their hours for sleep, their merry mood,
The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood,
Were known to me; it was my way
To visit them but yesterday.

Spake one red rose, in a language low:
"We saw you last in the long ago."

. . . . . .

'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me
By a hundred paths of pain and glee,
Till I guess the truth at last, and know
That Yesterday is the Long Ago.

The second volume of the Oaten Stop Series is 'A Doric Reed,' by Miss Zitella Cocke; it has the attraction of some good Southern landscape, with a local coloring quite fresh to us; indeed, her "Sunrise in an Alabama Canebrake" has much of the flavor of Lanier,

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while this child picture is graceful enough for Austin Dobson (p. 63):

WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

A little wicker basket rolls
Along the pavement walk,
And at the sight the young and old
Begin to laugh and talk,
And wave fair hands, and kisses throw,
And cry: "Look here!" "see there!"
"This way it comes!"—and all because
Sweet Polly takes the air!

The newsboys run and shout with glee,
And follow on behind;
The coachman and the footman gaze
As if they had a mind
To do the same; the good old priest
Stands still with solemn stare—
As down the shady avenue
Sweet Polly takes the air!

. . . . . .

And all the while sweet Polly sits
In dainty gown and hat,
And smiles on one she loves the best—
Her pretty Maltese cat—
And softly coos, when pussy purrs,
Without a thought or care
How all the town turns upside down
When Polly takes the air.

'Under the Pines,' by Mrs. Lydia Ann Cooley (Chicago: Way & Williams), has some good touches of local coloring here and there, from East to West, and also, rather unexpectedly, a Harvard class-day poem in honor of the author's son. She has also this bit of terse philosophy, worth more than many that are longer (p. 15):

HEREDITY.

Why bowest thou, O soul of mine,
Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage
That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers
As blossomed Aaron's rod.
No legacy of sin annuls
Heredity from God.

'Pebbles and Shells,' by Clarence Hawkes (Northampton: Picturesque Publishing Co.), is remarkable as being the work of a young blind poet, who, of course, speaks of "seeing" nature with that curious and touching familiarity the blind employ. The portrait and biography precede, the latter expressing an admiration which the reader perhaps cannot wholly follow, even if assured that "the merits of some part of its [the book's] contents have been so signal as to elicit an autograph letter of approbation from Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Secretary of the Navy." Mr. J. E. Hayes's book 'The Old-Fashioned Garden' (Philadelphia: Winston) comes dangerously—but perhaps unconsciously—near to trespassing on the title of a volume by Mrs. Deland; it has pleasing descriptions, a tranquillity as of the Society of Friends, and is inscribed to Swarthmore College. 'Nature in Verse,' by Mary I. Lovejoy, is a rather meritorious "Poetry Reader for Children" (Silver, Burdett & Co.).

Mr. William W. Newell, in his 'Words for Music' (Cambridge: Sever), gives a vivid bit of local coloring in what follows (p. 45):

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

A flame, a wandering fire,
With wavering desire
From bough to bough,
Thou winged, wondrous thing!
Of glad, of golden spring
The soul art thou,
A flame, a wandering fire.

Thy strange, thy scarlet gleam
Will glisten through my dream
The livelong year;
O pure, O holy May!
O blithe, O blessed way
I travel here!
A flame, a wandering fire.

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago issues a volume, 'Songs of Night and Day' (McClurg), which is, like his previous volumes, thoughtful and cultivated, as well as high in tone, but which has not, perhaps, enough of free and lyric movement to justify its title. "Between Mine Eyelids and Mine Eyes" (p. 86) has perhaps the most of this desirable quality.

The late Eugene Field has undergone the fatality that follows any literary man much beloved and admired, in the immediate publication and exaggerated praise of his slightest works. In this case the 'Echoes from a Sabine Farm' (Scribners), by himself and his brother, is reprinted in costly style, with illustrations—a dress, in short, which reveals the intrinsic poverty and triviality of these parodies on Horace, which might have been far more tolerable if seen, a scrap at a time, in the corner of a Chicago paper. We might then, by a bare possibility, have found some fun in the following, which we take at random and which is founded on Horace's "Persicos odi" (I. 38):

THE PREFERENCE DECLARED.

Boy, I detest the Persian pomp;
I hate those linden-bark devices;
And as for roses, holy Moses!
They can't be got at living prices!
Myrtle is good enough for us—
For *you*, as bearer of my flagon;
For *me*, supine beneath this vine,
Doing my best to get a jag on!

If there is fun in the slang of the bar-rooms, might it not permissibly stop this side of the masterpieces of the world's literature?

To revert once more to the Bodley Head, Miss E. Nesbit, before well known by her 'Lays and Legends,' gives us a volume under the title of 'A Pomander of Verse' (London: John Lane; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co), a fairly pretty conceit, yet not quite substantial enough for a volume containing so many good things. These she classifies under the several ingredients of Ambergris, Lavender, Rose, Rosemary, Myrrh, Musk, and Bergamot; and we close with one of her gayer touches, which must chime with the impulse of many feminine fellow-sufferers (p. 83):

THE LAST DITCH.

Love, through your varied views on Art
Untiring have I followed you,
Content to know I had your heart
And was your Art-ideal, too;

As, dear, I was when first we met.
('Twas at the time you worshipped Leighton,
And were attempting to forget
Your Foster and your Noel Paton.)

"Loves rhymes with Art," said your dear voice,
And at my crude, uncultured age,
I could but blushingly rejoice
That you had passed the Rubens stage.

When Madox Brown and Morris swayed
Your taste, did I not dress and look
Like any Middle Ages maid
In an illuminated book?

I wore strange garments, without shame,
Of formless form and toneless tones,
I might have stepped out of the frame
Of a Rossetti or Burne-Jones.

I stole soft frills from Marcus Stone,
My waist wore Herkomer's disguise,
My slender purse was strained, I own,
But—my silk lay as Sargent's lies.

And when you were abroad—in Prague—
'Mid Cherets I had shone, a star;
Then for your sake I grew as vague
As Mr. Whistler's ladies are.

But now at last you sue in vain,
For here a life's submission ends;
Not even for you will I grow plain
As Aubrey Beardsley's "lady friends."

Here I renounce your hand—unless
You find your Art-ideal elsewhere;
I *will not* wear the kind of dress
That Laurence Housman's people wear!

Waterloo: A Narrative and a Criticism. By E. L. S. Horsburgh, B.A., Queen's College, Oxon. London: Methuen & Co. 12mo, pp. 312 with maps.

THE study of military history at Oxford is one of the interesting features of university development. The demand would naturally arise out of the zest with which educated Englishmen have taken hold of their volunteer system, as well as from the fact that a university education helps to open the door to places in the regular army. In conformity with the modern tendency to specialize one's course of study from an early stage in it, young men looking for army commissions have sought instruction in subjects connected with a military career. Modern authorities in military science are of one accord in asserting that generalship is to be learned only in a diligent and intelligent analysis of military history. More than one course of lectures upon this subject have been delivered by university teachers, and Mr. Horsburgh's book is the outgrowth of such a course upon the campaign of 1815.

His aim, as he tells us, has been to give, in a form easily intelligible to the ordinary reader, a comparative study of the events of the Waterloo campaign, with the criticisms of commentators upon them, reaching his independent conclusions when he finds expert authorities in collision. The task has been performed with admirable temper and judicial spirit. The author's knowledge of the principles of strategy is sound, and as he differs or agrees with one or another of the critical historians he gives weighty reasons for his conclusions. The presentation, therefore, of a candid and competent summing up of the latest opinions in a great controversy which has lasted eighty years, will find a welcome among all who love historical investigation, whether they be special students of the military art or of history in general. American students will particularly enjoy it because the author joins issue, on several of the burning questions of the campaign, with Mr. Ropes, whose book has already taken rank in Europe as a notable contribution to the great debate. They will be able to compare with great ease the arguments on both sides of such points of controversy, and, as both books are full of statements of the ground taken by other authorities, a very lucid understanding of the whole discussion may be got from these two works alone.

Rambles in Japan. By H. B. Tristram, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1895.

BEYOND the allotted period of three-score years and ten, but full of that sunny philosophy which comes from long travel in many lands, the Canon of Durham, whose name we associate with the Land of Moab, has visited the Land of the Rising Sun. In modest and unassuming style he tells us of his rambles over what for the most part are well-beaten tourist tracks. Like the average writer on Japan, he describes "some parts of the country seldom visited by foreigners," and, of course, he "had special advantages," etc. The value of the book does not consist in any novelty of experiences or observations, but is welcome and important because Canon Tristram is a naturalist. He loves life in all forms, whether of plant, fish, bird, beast, or man. His daughter, a missionary, was his cicerone and interpreter. His simple, limpid style makes his ten chapters pleasant and easy to read. A lambent humor plays over his pages. When a native gentleman given to tall stories tells of the growth of bamboo, as discernible between measurements made before and after his breakfast on the same morning, the Canon suspects that clogs have been changed for sandals, and that the case was one of human shrinkage of stature rather than of vegetable growth. There are not a few inaccuracies of statement and some mistakes in the book, but these are of no consequence, for, with the wisdom of the genuine scholar and keen observer, the Canon builds no high towers of speculation on scant observation of facts.

The work is liberally illustrated by Edward Whymper, from sketches and photographs.

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Some of these provoke in the reader the delight of novelty and are very effective. Others, though we are bound to say but few, are old stagers upon which the curtain ought long since to have been rung down. Mr. Whymper's fault is that of Anglicizing the faces of Japanese in a way that will certainly please any native Anglomaniacs who may be strutting around Tokio or Osaka—which latter city the Canon calls "the Manchester of Japan." The naturalist will enjoy the book for its many informing references to birds, shells, flowers, and fauna. The Canon explodes false theories as well as adds knowledge of facts. Showing that resemblance is not identity, he pricks the bubbles of rhetoric and science so called. The shells on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and in Japan are *not* the same. Much of interest is told about the missionary and native Christian work in the empire. The Canon, like a true philosopher, believes there is no real anti-Christian popular sentiment in Japan, but only an antipathy to things foreign and to a Christianity that smacks of the Yankee, Briton, and Frenchman, rather than of the Christ himself.

The book has a tolerable map and index. It is well worthy of its excellent ink, paper, print, and binding. The cover decoration in gray and silver, dashed with red, reminds one of a pretty Quakeress with enough color on her cheeks to blend all tints into a unity of charms.

The Book-hunter in London: Historical and Other Studies of Collectors and Collecting. With numerous portraits and illustrations. By W. Roberts. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1895. Pp. xxi, 333.

Rare Books and their Prices: with Chapters on Pictures, Pottery, Porcelain, and Postage Stamps. By W. Roberts. Longmans, Green & Co. 1896. Pp. xxviii, 156.

LONDON is so important a book-market, and has been for 250 years such a place of resort for all who have books to sell or to buy, that any treatise on the subject is sure to contain a great deal which will be interesting to any reader. Such a treatise is hard to arrange in any logical way, and almost as hard to index in a satisfactory manner. The reader, therefore, finds that he must dip into it here and there, that he cannot select with certainty the chapter he desires to examine, and that this desultory way of reading has its own reward. Many curious bits of information which exactly answer some of his requirements will come in his way in the course of his casual reading of Mr. Roberts's 'Book-hunter' which it would never occur to him to look for. This is the good side of a book composed like the present one, but it is also necessary to state that the 'Book-hunter' is rambling enough. The author keeps close to the subject of his chapter, the subject he has announced, whether "Book auctions and sales," or "Book-hunting localities," or another; but beneath such title almost anything may be written down. Thus, in the chapter on book auctions, we are reminded that the first one known to have taken place in London was held on the last day of October, 1676, or, in other words, just at the time when King Philip's war was past, for the American colonists, and when Charles II. was feeling rich with the first instalment in his pocket of the pension which Louis XIV. had to agree to pay him. The chapter on Book-stalls is the natural place for anecdote, and accordingly anecdotes abound in it. The favorite, of course, is the one which relates the purchase of a ten-pound book for "thruppence," and the finding of a rare tract in the sixpenny box outside "Old Brown's door" after the proprietor had stated that he possessed no copy and that it was very dear. Curious if saddening anecdotes are gathered together under the heading "Book Thieves, Borrowers, and Knockouts," but these are in no way more extraordinary than the stories which any old bookseller can tell from his own experience. Under "Humors of Book Catalogues" we come upon the following entry:

"Shelley—Prometheus, unbound, etc.
"—— ——another copy, olive morocco, etc."

A very considerable number of illustrations are inserted in the volume, some of them "portraits" which no man could recognize, but some, also, interesting pictures of interiors and exteriors of shops. Further examination shows that there are a few half-tone portraits which *must* look something like the originals, and one of Mr. Quaritch that certainly does so.

The same author's 'Rare Books' is tastefully printed and bound, and is pleasant to handle and to read. Fifty pages are devoted to the book-market and as many to pictures, old and new. Pottery and porcelain have half as much space, and postage stamps occupy as much space as ceramics. The preface states that parts of the different chapters have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*. So small a book cannot be asked to serve as an encyclopædia of prices, even of those obtained at auction sales. The chapters are essays on the subject of the constantly changing money value of works of art and curiosity, a subject very interesting to many people, and rather closely connected with the real or intrinsic value of those objects. It is agreeable to find that our author never forgets to insist upon real value as distinguished from price, and the personal character of many of his criticisms, although they may have the air of *obiter dicta*, or opinions for which he was not asked, adds immensely to the interest of the book. The opinions thus set forth will command attention as being well founded and based upon a large knowledge of the subjects under consideration. The only exception we should take is to the dissatisfaction which Mr. Roberts expresses at high prices for rare pieces. It seems to him that a Gubbio plate at a thousand pounds is a case of misunderstood valuation. But the great ease with which a thousand pounds is gathered in by many a "captain of industry," and the absolute impossibility of duplicating, in any really complete sense, the Gubbio plate, go to make the bargain less absurd than the bare statement of it may sound. Why should not the Mazarin Bible bring four thousand dollars? Many more people have the money to spare than can possibly own the book. On the other hand, Mr. Roberts's remarks on the exact amount of good sense there is in the broad-margin craze and the first-edition craze are most judicious. It need not be said that the book is extremely entertaining.

The Land of the Nile Springs. By Colonel Sir Henry Colville. New York: Edward Arnold.

THE literature about Uganda is considerable and increasing, but additions to it are still welcome, especially when they are as well written as the present one. Col. Colville succeeded to the special mission of the late Sir Gerald Portal as representative of Great Britain in Uganda, and it was he who definitely proclaimed the English protectorate. His duties as resident were of the most varied kind. Thus, he not only had to go campaigning against Kaba Rega of Unyoro, who has given so much trouble to every European in these regions from Sir Samuel Baker down; he also in Uganda itself had to put pressure on the wretched King Mwanga, besides with difficulty preventing the outbreak of a new religious war between the Catholic and the Protestant factions of the country. He had by turns to act as judge, diplomat, house builder, general—in short, in the various capacities demanded of a European ruling over inferior races, and requiring all the qualities which Englishmen have shown to so high a degree in building up their empire. He has narrated his experiences and adventures under these circumstances in a very "breezy" manner. If at times the wit is a little elaborate and fatiguing, it is generally amusing enough. Here is the account of his first arrival in his province:

"As we descended into the valley on the farther side of which Kampala fort is situated, I saw the troops turning out ready to receive me; and feeling that I was not looking my best, either as regards clothes or features, began polishing myself up as well as I could, and was just beginning to feel that, although I was not exactly smart, an imaginative man might guess at the possibility of better things beneath the dirt, when my horse gave a flounder in a boggy stream which I had been too preoccupied to notice, and landed me fair on my head in a pool of black mud. Two minutes afterwards, with bugles sounding, drums beating, and the troops presenting arms, I entered the headquarters of my command, returning the salute with what dignity I could, and then hurriedly rushed into Arthur's hut and plunged my head into a basin of clean water."

In his campaign against Unyoro the only reliable portion of his troops were some Sudanese:

"When about an hour's march from the fort, I came upon the band of the Sudanese regiment drawn up along the roadside. After presenting arms (bandsmen carry rifles in Uganda), they turned to the right and followed me, whacking their drums and tootling on their old cracked bugles at their loudest. I wish I could have seen that procession—it must have been a very funny one. First, a big Sudanese soldier carrying a Union Jack; then a very seedy-looking Englishman in an old karkee coat, dilapidated breeches and gaiters, his feet bandaged in dirty rags, limping along with the help of a walking stick; then a small Sudanese boy laden with a field-glass, a camp-stool, and a big bunch of bananas: and lastly the full band of the regiment in single file, swaggering on with that sense of importance which only comes to those whose good stars lead them in the way of hitting drums."

Later he was enabled to add to them some recruits who had been in the service of the Congo Free State:

"I have said before that our troops presented a curious appearance, and although I had got accustomed to rather strange turn-outs, I confess I was fairly startled by the bewildering variety of these warriors' costumes, equipments, and appearance. To begin with, they were of all possible ages, colors, and sizes—doddering, grey-bearded old men, fine strapping youths, and pigmies, apparently from Stanley's forest, Abyssinian, Egyptian, and pure-blooded negroes, and strange crosses of each and all of them. The variety of their clothing was infinite, ranging from the nearest approach to nothing in which a military-minded person will appear before his commanding officer, to cherry-colored trousers and blue frock-coats with gold braid. And then their arms! breech-loaders, muzzle-loaders, double-barrelled 'scatter' guns, some with locks and some without, all were duly brought to the present on my arrival, and all their owners seemed equally satisfied that they were in possession of highly effective weapons."

Col. Colville has not attempted to produce

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a work full of valuable information; he has merely written a record of his experiences and the chief events that took place during the time of his rule, until it was brought to an abrupt end by a sudden attack of fever. He has given us a very readable book. The paper and print are excellent, perhaps too excellent. Especially in a work of this sort, one would be willing to have thinner pages, less margin, and even a little smaller print in order to obtain a lighter, more convenient volume.

Crystallography: A Treatise on the Morphology of Crystals. By N. Story-Maskelyne, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Mineralogy, Oxford. Macmillan & Co. 8vo, xii, 521.

THIS first part of the long-expected 'Crystallography' of the veteran Oxford professor, treats of the morphology of crystals "in the simplest form compatible with strict geometrical methods," and with such fulness as to make it the best book in the English language from which to obtain a full knowledge of the forms of crystals, their classification, their measurement, and their delineation. It is everywhere precise rather than concise, but for one who must help himself rather than depend upon teachers, and who will master crystallography, but is not able to use German or French books, the work is admirably fitted.

Advanced students will generally prefer the more logical method which deduces all the forms of crystals directly from the one law of rational indices, as developed in the last edition of Groth's 'Physicalische Krystallographie.' Most teachers, on the other hand, will sympathize with the author, who takes account of hemihedrism, or mero-symmetry, as a second law, and so reaches a natural grouping of the many forms of crystals in a way more easily appreciated by the beginner. It is significant of the conservative position of Prof. Maskelyne as a crystallographer of the old school that a second volume, treating of the physical problems connected with crystals, is to *follow* this; in a modern German work this order would be reversed. The definition of the crystals, also, as "polyhedra with plane faces and without reëntrant angles," stands in contrast to the definitions which put in the foreground the differences of elasticity of the crystal in different directions.

After a very brief statement of the physical properties of crystals, the author proceeds to develop the geometrical groundwork for the consideration of the crystal as a complex of planes obeying the law of rationality of indices and the law of mero-symmetry, and proposes many theorems, several of which are new, relating to axes and the change of axes, the rotation of planes, the relations of zones, and the stereographic projection of the faces. Then follows a full treatment of the measurement and drawing of crystals, with an exceptionally large series of illustrative examples. Next comes the fullest and the most interesting and original portion of the book, the treatment of crystal symmetry, and a thorough discussion, from the point of view of this symmetry, of the six systems, their whole forms, their half-forms, their combinations, and their twins. The schoolmen's "Deus cogitat mathematice" is exemplified, if anywhere, in the growth of the crystal, to the study of which the student will not easily find a more attractive guide than the book before us. Prof. Maskelyne writes not as one searching for the shortest methods to obtain the name of a mineral for further use, but rather as aiming to bring forward all the questions his subject suggests, and to devise the most elegant methods for their solution within the mathematical limits he has set himself.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam, Paul. La Force du Mal. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Allen, Ethan. Washington; or, The Revolution: A Drama. Part second. F. T. Neely.
Arrowsmith, Prof. Robert, and Knapp, Charles. Selections from Viri Romae. American Book Co. 75c.
Catalogue of Scientific Papers (1874–83). Compiled by the Royal Society of London. Vol. XI. Pet—Zyo. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Clark, Mrs. S. R. G. Herbert Gardenell, Jr.; or, Yensie's Oldest Son. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1 50.
Commons, Prof. J. R. Proportional Representation. T. Y. Crowell & Co $1.75.
Fairman, H. C. The Third World: A Tale of Love and Strange Adventure. Transatlantic Publishing Co.
Fiske, A. K. The Jewish Scriptures. Scribners. $1.50.
Gibbon, Edward. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. London: Methuen & Co; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Giddings, Prof. F. H. The Principles of Sociology. Macmillan. $3.
Gould, Prof. E. P. Commentary on St. Mark's Gospel. [International Critical Commentary.] Scribners. $2.50.
Hake, A. E., and Wesslau, O. E. The Coming Individualism. London: A. Constable & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Hammel, Prof. W. C. A. Observation Blanks in Physics. American Book Co. 30c.
Hardy, Thomas. The Return of the Native. Lovell, Coryell & Co. 50c.
Hardy, Thomas. The Woodlanders. Rand, McNally & Co.
Harris, Prof. George. Moral Evolution. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Hope, Anthony. Comedies of Courtship. Scribners. $1.50.
Hosmer, J. K. The Life of Thomas Hutchinson, Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Humphreys, Rev. F. L. The Evolution of Church Music. Scribners. $1.75.
Keiser, F. H. Laboratory Work in Chemistry. American Book Co. 50c.
Lea, H. C. A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Lea Bros. $3.
Lloyd, J. U. Etidorpha; or, The End of Earth. 2d ed. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $2.
Lombard, Louis. Observations of a Bachelor. Utica, N. Y.: L. C. Childs & Son.
Metcalf, R. C., and Bright, O. T. Elementary English. American Book Co. 40c.
Moore, F. F. Phyllis of Philistia. Cassell.
More, E. A., jr. Out of the Past. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
"My Mascot": A Collection of Valuable Receipts. Brentanos. $2.50.
Osterberg, Max. Synopsis of Current Electrical Literature. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.
Paradise Lost. (Books I. and II.) American Book Co. 20c.
Powell, A. M. The National Purity Congress: Papers, Addresses, Portraits. New York: American Purity Alliance. $2.50
Robinson, R. E. In New England Fields and Woods. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Spurrell, G. J. Notes on the Text of Genesis. 2d ed. revised and enlarged. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
The Tragedy of Macbeth. American Book Co. 20c.
Thomas, Katherine F. Official, Diplomatic, and Social Etiquette of Washington. Cassell.
Trout, G. W. A Mormon Wife. Chicago: E. A. Weeks & Co. 25c.
Upton, J. K. Money in Politics. 2d edition. Boston: Lothrop Co.
Verdenal, Mrs. D. F. "Ladies First!" Home Publishing Co.

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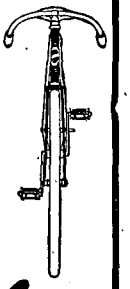

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